McKean County Miner.

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ANOTHER ITALIAN MURDER

Crescengio Massro Kills Dominick Skopold Near Hutchins Early Sunday Morning.

THE MURDERER MAKES HIS ESCAPE

The Body Lay Where He Fell Until Daylight—Inquest Held at Mt. Jewett Sunday—Is Little Chance of Capturing the Assassin.

Another Italian murder was committed on the B., R. & P. Ry. tracks near Hutchins, this county, late Saturday night or early Sunday morning and the murderer has escaped with little chance of ever capturing him.

Crescengio Massro, the murderer, was one of a gang of "floating" Italians who had been engaged at labor on the railroad and who lived in a box car on a siding near the camp of the regular crew at Hutchins. On Saturday evening the regular section hands joined with the "floaters" in a beer social which was held in the car occupied by the "floaters."

Everything passed off nicely until about midnight when Dominick Skopold, the murdered man, proposed taking up a collection for a fellow Italian and friend, who he said was either sick or in some kind of trouble and needed money. Several of the Italians donated in sums ranging from 25 cents to $5, but when Skopold asked Massro to chip in he flatly refused and some words followed. Skopold started to leave the car and Massro ran to the rear of the car and got a revolver from Filippo Di Girolamo, and just as Skopold was going down the steps Massro fired. Massro and Girolamo then left the car and that is the last that has been seen of them.

According to the story told by the other Italians they did not know that Skopold had been hurt and the party broke up and they all went to bed. The first they knew that a murder had been committed was in the morning when some of them arose and found the lifeless body of Skopold laying beside the car with a bullet hole in the back of his head.

The body was removed to a tool house and as some of the citizens about there learned of the murder Coroner Hall of Bradford and District Attorney Mayo of Smethport were notified and both gentlemen hurried to the scene of the tragedy as soon as possible. They were accompanied by Constable Jones of Smethport and several Mt. Jewett residents.

Coroner Hall empannelled a jury and an autopsy was held. When the clothes were examined it was found that he did not have a cent of money, although he had collected several dollars from the crowd just before he was shot.

The body of Skopold was placed in a wagon and taken back to Mt. Jewett where the inquest was held. In the meantime Constable Jones got wind of the fact that several of the "floating" Italians, who had been in the car at the time of the shooting, had skipped out and he got into an engine and rode into Mt. Jewett ahead of the coroner and party. He found the gang who had left and they were placed in the lockup until the inquest was held and their evidence taken. Every one of them sworn gave almost identically the same testimony and the verdict of the coroner's jury was that Skopold was killed as above stated.

No clue has been found as to what became of Massro or his partner after they left the scene of the murder. Following is a description of the pair:

Crescengio Massro, 20 years of age, sandy complexion, light blue eyes; wore Italian clothes when last seen at Hutchins, weight about 140 pounds, height 5 feet, 6 inches; face smooth.

Fillipo Girolamo, about 47 years of age, dark complexion and eyes; wore American clothes when last seen at Hutchins; weight about 160 to 170 pounds; about 6 feet in height; walks stooped forward somewhat; black moustache, streaked with gray; had a green colored cap.

Both men came from Clearfield, Pa., to Hutchins about two months ago. It is believed that the men came to Bradford in their flight Sunday, leaving here for parts unknown.

Last night it was reported that one of the Italians, Massro or Girolamo had been captured at Johnsonburg, but the report could not be confirmed this morning so we assume that it was a mistake.

For Sale.

A farm containing 25 acres and one of the best kept farms in this section, with good buildings for all purposes. A nice selection of fruit bearing trees and well water. For particulars, price, etc., inquire of A. L. PROVIN,
Farmers Valley, Pa.

Holmes & Gilfillan's robes may interest you.

The Wright House Sold.

Col. B. F. Wright has sold his popular hotel at the corner of Main and Mechanic streets, this borough, to John O. Dodge and Frank L. Sherburne. The transfer comprises all the real estate, including Daly's livery barn, and personal property with the exception of the private furniture of Mr. Wright and family and the consideration is about $20,000. Application has been made for the transfer of the license and the new proprietors expect to take possession on Monday, Feb. 5.

The new proprietors, Messrs. Dodge and Sherburne, are well known business men. Mr. Sherburne, who will conduct the hotel, has for the past three years been the proprietor of the Commercial House in this borough, and has added a good reputation as a hotel proprietor to his already good record as a citizen and business man. Mr. Dodge will remain on their farm and the management of the Wright House will be left to Mr. Sherburne. For a time at least "Comrade" Wright will assist Mr. Sherburne in the office, and Miss Lena Wright will assist Mrs. Sherburne in the management of the other part of the house.

The Wright House which is, as well and popularly known as any in this section, was built thirty years ago and, in March, 1876, B. F. Wright took out his first license. Early in the eighties the increasing business made it necessary to build a large addition to the original hotel. Ever since the house was built it has enjoyed an excellent name with the travelling public and we feel assured it will continue to do so under the new management.

"Comrade" Wright, as he is familiarly known by a wide circle of friends throughout this entire section, built this hotel and has been its proprietor ever since. He and his estimable family have given it their entire personal attention for the past thirty years and have done their work well. Many the weary traveller's heart has been gladdened by the genial personality and little kindnesses of Mr. Wright and family and no doubt many will regret to learn that he and his family have retired from hotel life, but the house has fallen into good hands and the old friends of the house will find in Mr. Sherburne and family able substitutes.

New Window Glass Organization.

A new glass manufacturers' association was formed in Pittsburg Thursday with a capitalization of $1,000,000 under the name of the National Window Glass Company, the membership consisting of independent window glass manufacturers representing over 1,200 pots. The officers elected are:

President, H. R. Hilton of Port Allegany, Pa.; vice president, Felix Steinberger, Bradford, Pa.; secretary, Frank Bastene, Vincennes, Ind.; treasurer, H. H. Clayson, Kane, Pa.

The new organization will have headquarters either at Pittsburg or Cleveland and the manufacturers are confident that there will be peace in the glass industry.

The price of glass will be increased 10 per cent. within the next two weeks and another increase of 5 per cent will be announced a week later.

The American Window Glass Company, it is said, has promised to support the National Company until the price is placed on a level with that of a few years ago. Glass is now selling for 90 and 30 off, the lowest in years.

President A. L. Faulkner of the Amalgamated Association of Window Glass Workers, with headquarters at Cleveland, spent yesterday in Pittsburg with the intention of meeting the manufacturers to discuss the wage scale, but returned to Cleveland without a conference, stating that he was perfectly satisfied with the existing conditions and that there would be a meeting in Cleveland later. There will be no reduction of wages for the workers at present.—Kane Republican.

Brown Hive Installs Officers.

Miss Nellie Lounsbury of Warren, Great Record Keeper for Pennsylvania L. O. T. M., installed the following officers of Brown Hive in this place on Tuesday afternoon: Commander, Mrs. F. C. Pierce; past commander, Mrs. Frank Cummings, lieut. commander, Mrs. A. L. Kidder; record keeper, Mrs. L. K. Hogarth; finance keeper, Mrs. M. Eagan; chaplain, Mrs. A. Abbey; mistress at arms, Mrs. J. H. Green; sargent, Mrs. George Gerritt; sentinel, Mrs. W. Stark, and picket, Mrs. C. McCarthy.

During the afternoon Mrs. Haugiville was presented with a hand painted china sugar and creamer as a token of esteem from Brown Hive, and Mrs. Eagan received a handsome cut glass bowl. Both ladies have been faithful officers for a number of years.

Miss Lounsbury is a young woman of gracious and pleasing personality and several new members will undoubtedly be the result of her visit.

Now is the time to get a blanket for your horse. Lemmler has a large assortment.

Holmes & Gilfillan's are headquarters for Winslow skates.

A Terrible Church Disaster.

Monday's Philadelphia Inquirer says:

Nearly a score were killed and several hundred injured in a panic which last night suddenly interrupted a baptismal service in St. Paul's Baptist Church (colored), on Eighth street, below Girard avenue.

Maddened and panic-stricken by a column of smoke that came curling up through the floor, the seven hundred men, women and children in the congregation plunged for one stairway. In a twinkling the passage was congested, the banisters broke under the strain, and hundreds were flung headlong to the floor below.

There they lay for five minutes, a screaming, howling mass. Men and women stamped and trampled on those beneath, fought, gouged and struggled.

Limbs were broken and clothes torn from souls in the mad scene. Those beneath were suffocated and trampled to death by the shrieking, fighting, terrified mass of humanity above them.

Even after the firemen arrived it took nearly a quarter of an hour to lift out the crazed victims and rescue the dead and injured beneath.

The fire that bred the mad plunge to death was of a trifling character.

By a curious coincidence the sermon which had preceded the baptismal ceremony had been preached from the seventh chapter of the Second Book of Kings, and the lines which the Rev. E. W. Johnson had emphasized were:

"Why sit we here until we die?"

The list of the dead is as follows:

Mamie McKenny, aged 21, 1012 Master street; Susie Holmes, 8 Butler avenue; Emma Alexander, aged 40, 1013 Darien street; John Berry, aged 40, 1502 Ringgold street; Mrs. Lawrence, Tenth and Thompson streets; Sara Russing; Ruth Framer, Watts street; Mrs. Patten, Cabot street; Charles Gardner, 1411 Warnock street; Nanie McKenna; Fred Frazier, aged 3, 934 Poplar street; Rebecca Stringer, of 934 Poplar street; Mrs. James Cowell, aged 30, Eleventh above Oxford street; and four unidentified women.

In addition to the injured treated at the hospitals, there were hundreds hurt, who were sent directly to their homes.

An Appeal to Subscribers.

Last week we sent out bills—over four hundred dollars—to our subscribers with an honest appeal that they settle their accounts within thirty days. We did this simply because we need the money to pay our bills—not because we want to crowd any of our subscribers or make them trouble, but because we must realize the cash on a large percentage of these accounts in order to meet our own accounts. These subscriptions are all small but in the aggregate amount to about $1500.

So far our subscribers have responded nobly to our call and if they will continue in the same way for the next three weeks we will have no cause to complain. Thanking those who have answered our appeal and urging those who have not to do so promptly we are

Yours to serve
THE EDITOR.

The "Ripper" Repealer Passed.

A dispatch from Harrisburg dated yesterday says: The Philadelphia "Ripper" repealer, the first of the measures advocated by the governor in his call for the extra session to pass both bodies, went through the House to-day, with only two dissenting votes. These votes were cast by Mr. Garner of Schuylkill who accused the Philadelphia members of cowardice in voting for the repealer, after their action in voting for the original bill last winter, and his colleague, Mr. Sitler.

Action on the bills fixing the salaries of the Secretary of the Commonwealth and the insurance commissioner and abolishing the fees of these offices, was postponed when they were reached in the House until it could be ascertained from the governor whether they were consistent with his call for the extra session.

Mr. White of Beaver introduced a concurrent resolution in the Senate authorizing the State treasurer to advance a portion of their salaries to members and officers of the legislature. Mr. Brown of Philadelphia raised the point of order that money cannot be appropriated by resolution. President pro tem. Woods replied that the resolution did not imply an appropriation, but only authorized the State treasurer to advance a part of the salary. The resolution was adopted and was concurred in by the House. Mr. Fisher of Indiana introduced a uniform primary election bill, which provides for the election at primaries of delegates to national and State conventions. The Senate was in session only 20 minutes.

Clark's line of carriage heaters at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Died.—At Smethport, April 17, 1881, in the 70th year of her age, Orra L. Hamlin, relict of Orlo J. Hamlin.

The deceased was a daughter of John Cogswell, a Connecticut farmer. While on a visit to her uncle, the late Jonathan Colegrove, her husband made her acquaintance and they were married in the year 1828. They at once commenced housekeeping in a part of the building in which she died, having resided in the same house and never having lived in any other for a period of 53 years.

Her husband was for many long years a confirmed invalid, and of a condition of disease which rendered him exacting in his demands on his attendants. His wife, who has just departed, never hesitated or faltered in the performance of the most assiduous care. Her greatest joy was to be at his side ready to administer to any demand. In this incessant labor and care she became broken, but never complained or repined.

The deceased left three children, who will ever remember that she was a good and devoted wife and mother, and a large circle of acquaintances and friends who will not forget her blessed example and influence.

Charley Bennett who was a resident of Smethport the greater part of his life died at Columbus, Dundee county, Nebraska, on the morning of July 5th, 1881, aged 39 years the 17th of May last. He was on his way to the mountains by advice of his doctor when death put an end to his career. Having as yet received no particulars the immediate cause of his death is not known. Charley was peculiar in many things but had a kind heart. Peace to his ashes say one and all of his friends.

Sunday, July 3, 1881, was the hottest day ever known in Smethport, so the oldest inhabitants say—108 in the shade.

On Saturday, July 16, 1881, Mr. M. L. Armstrong, our genial postmaster, was married in Buffalo, by Rev. Chandler, to Miss Nettie Ripply of this place. Mart. has struggled through life's journey single for a long time, and now that he has taken a partner to share his joys and sorrows, we wish him continued prosperity, and may he be successful in bringing another generation of Armstrongs into the world that will bring joy to his heart in the days when plum cakes are no more.

On Friday, Aug. 5, 1881, Henry Alpraip, while working in the back woods about four miles below Port Allegany, was struck by a falling limb and his skull so badly fractured that the removal of a large portion became necessary—at least two ounces of brain substance. At last reports the man was doing as well as could be expected, considering the nature of his injury and conversed intelligently, but the lesions are so extensive and the brain so mangled that his recovery is not expected. Dr. Freeman attended him.

Randall–Baker.—On Sunday, Aug. 7, 1881, by Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Miss Amy D. Randall of Keating, to Mr. Jed. R. Baker of Liberty township.

As is customary, after the arrival of the evening train from Bradford, the fireman took charge of the engine and started for the coal bin near the McKean & Buffalo depot, on Sunday evening (Aug. 14, 1881) for the purpose of getting a supply for the following day's consumption. Generally there are several young men standing around the depot who make it a practice to jump on the engine and ride down and back. Such was the case on this fatal night.

As the engine pulled out from the depot three young men boarded it, and everything passed smoothly until the return trip, and while crossing the flats below Water street, where the track is very uneven, the tender jumped the track and the engine after going a few rods followed and both tipped into the ditch, making a complete wreck. In some miraculous manner the occupants were all successful in escaping from the engine without serious injury excepting a section hand named William Roberts. He was thrown in a position from which the escaping steam and boiling water from a broken pipe poured in upon him, burning him severely about the head and by inhaling the steam scalding him internally. He was rescued from his perilous position and brought to Armstrong's drug store and Dr. H. L. McCoy was summoned. After the arrival of the doctor he was removed to his boarding house and there the injuries were carefully cared for. The doctor had but small hopes of his recovery from the start, and the poor unfortunate young man lingered in agony until about 4 o'clock Monday morning when he died.

J. W. Stark got the job of building Bank street, which runs from Mechanic to Nelson, on the south side of the creek. The new street is 93 rods in length and Mr. Stark gets $240 for making it. This sum looks a little small for the work, but Warren usually knows what he is about. (August 1881)

Holmes–Rillson.—At the M. E. Parsonage, Aug. 12, 1881, by Rev. W. B. Wagner, Mr. Augustus Holmes to Miss Christina Rillson, both of Smethport.

Miss Roosevelt's Wedding Gown.

The latest bit of gossip about Miss Roosevelt's wedding deals with nothing more or less than the bridal gown itself, and it is stated that, like Mrs. Roosevelt's inaugural ball gown, it has been woven especially for the President's daughter. Twenty-six yards long is the pattern designed for the gown, and now that it has left the loom, the design is destroyed, so that the material cannot be duplicated. The great quantity of satin to be used indicates the great length of train it will have, and it is stated that in design it will be a Princess gown.

Seed pearls and lace will form the trimmings. The lace is an heirloom in the prospective bride's family, it having ornamented not only her mother's gown, but her grandmother's and great-grandmother's. The gown will, therefore, be nothing out of the usual order of the bride who is so fortunate as to possess antique lace handed down from generations back. While the satin was made in New Jersey, the gown is being fashioned in Baltimore.

Miss Roosevelt's time, however, is so taken up with social engagements that even the trips to Baltimore consumed too much time, therefore the fitter comes to the White House to fit Miss Roosevelt whenever the occasion demands.

The details of the wedding, it is also stated, are entirely in Miss Alice's hands, and the wedding is to be exactly as she wishes, no matter what other suggestions the other members of the family may offer. It is generally understood it will be a large wedding, Mr. Longworth himself, it is stated, having a list of 200 guests, chosen friends, whom he wishes to have present. These with all the friends of the bride and her family, with the officials who must be invited, will make a number that will test the capacity of the old White House to the limit.

Civil Court Proceedings.

Almost all of last week was devoted to civil court. Not many cases were tried but all were long drawn out.

In the case of Joseph Mullin vs. Martin O'Connor and Thomas Mahoney, co-partners, doing business as the Sartwell Oil Company, on motion a compulsory non-suit was granted.

A settlement was made in the case of J. W. Hayes vs. Mrs. Emma Weisman.

A verdict in favor of the defendant was rendered in the case of the Swanson Grocery Co. vs. David Roach.

The cases of L. C. Devinney vs. C. J. Cole and Sarah R. Devinney vs. C. J. Cole were settled.

The cases of F. D. Cutting vs. A. C. Frankenfield, Joseph Mullin vs. The Pennsylvania Railroad Co., and Thos. H. Blair vs. W. J. Rawson were settled.

The Court ordered the case of Clark S. Crary vs. The General Accident Assurance Corporation Limited to be stricken from the list.

All other cases were continued.

Lars Pearson.

Lars Pearson, one of the first settlers in this locality, was found dead in the small house on his farm near Lantz, about 9:30 a. m. Wednesday, the 17th inst. Judging from the indications he had been dead for at least two days.

The last seen of the dead man, who for 20 years has lived alone, having left his wife and two children in Sweden when he came to the United States, was on Saturday. On Wednesday it was noted by the neighbors that all was still about the place, and no smoke issuing from the chimney, when an investigation was set on foot and he was found dead on the floor of the room in which he lived. It is thought that he died of acute congestion of the lungs. He was 69 years old last April.

The deceased came to this country in 1876, and settled at Lantz, where he purchased and cleared up a farm of about 80 acres. He had the reputation of an honest man and a good neighbor.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

Crawford County Treasurer Short.

The accounts of former Treasurer D. M. Scott of Crawford county are short $30,874.80, according to the report of the board of county auditors, filed in court at Meadville Monday. Scott has held the office for three years. He declares that a mistake has been made in accounting. He will file exceptions in court, entering a legal contest against the validity of the findings. He has deposited with the Crawford County Trust Company at Meadville mining and oil stock, cash, mortgages and other securities, having a face value about $31,000, but believed by some authorities to be worth considerably less. Scott's bond with the county commissioners is for $20,000 and is collectible, some of the richest financiers of Meadville and Titusville having become his security when he took the office.

For Sale.

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 48 feet front and 115 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs. Laura Taylor.

Call and examine my stock of horse blankets, robes, etc. The prices are low and stock the best. C. LEMMLER.

An Interesting Letter.

EDITOR MCKEAN COUNTY MINER:

You readers may not all have forgotten me. (It is now nine years since I left Smethport.) I take the opportunity of writing and by this means let you know that I am still alive and well and busy as can be. Many interesting things are happening, a few of which I put on record in this letter.

Chili is just now having the honor of a visit from Prof. Thaxter, the eminent scientist and botanist of Harvard. Our faculty had the pleasure of entertaining him at dinner last week and found him a most entertaining conversationalist. Mrs. Celia Thaxter is his mother, whom your readers know by reputation.

The National Educational Society of Chili has sent a recommendation to Congress requesting that a law be passed requiring scientific temperance instruction in all the schools in Chili, this law to go into effect the coming year.

The epidemic of small-pox, which has been prevalent in Valparaiso for so long, has now been eradicated. Five thousand people died of the disease. There are a number of cases in Concepcion, most of which are recovering.

Your scribe recently had the pleasure of visiting the Government Liceo and the large museum connected with it. This Liceo is one of the largest institutions of its kind in the South. All its rooms are large and well furnished.

Hon. John Van Ingham, a native of New York and formerly United States consul to Chili, died recently in Santiago. He was a most loyal American and at his request the stars and stripes were wrapped around his coffin. He was a staunch friend of the missionaries here in Chili.

Our temperance society consists of over 100 members and meets semi-monthly. At a recent public meeting held by the society a peace program was rendered with fine instrumental music by the Young Men's College Orchestra and a peace contest was given by the Willard Society of the college. Our Kings Daughters' Society held a bazaar and concert at which they cleared over $400 recently.

Conference will be held this year in January, a month earlier than usual. Quite a number of changes will be made in our faculty. A class of forty-nine girls graduates this year. Our alumni and faculty are formed into a large and flourishing C. L. S. C. So you see we do not intend to retrograde. We also have a class in bible study which meets each week.

I see that my boys and girls have graduated and that some of them are going on still further. A few still remain in the High School. I do not forget one of the bright boys and girls who were my pupils and am still interested in them and delight to hear of their achievements.

If my Smethport correspondents did not receive letters from me on the last mail they will know they went up in smoke, a fire having broken out in the ship conveying them.

And now a Merry Xmas to all.

ADDA G. BURCH,
Concepcion College,
Concepcion, Chili.

Oldest Inhabitant Heard From.

The oldest inhabitant came into the office of the Lewiston, Me., Journal the other day and remarked that as an average winter this was exceedingly severe. "Speaking of warm winters," said he "do you recall the winter of 1812? In that winter I went barefoot with nothing on but linen pants and a cotton shirt. And it was so hot sometimes during recess that I took off my shirt. In that winter on Christmas day I picked eight quarts of strawberries in a field opposite my father's house in the town of Turner and I very nearly had a sunstroke. It was so warm that winter that they forgot to hold the annual State Legislature at Augusta. By gum," added our faithful chronicler, "I never see no sech nights as we had for heat. I slept all winter 'thout no bed clothes and the skeeters bit fearful!"

"The Real Widow Brown."

There is a spread of the good thing in "The Real Widow Brown," the latest musical comedy success, which is one of Manager A. Q. Scammon's strong road attractions this season. For an offering of this sort strange to say there is a tangible plot. In fun, story and action it is much superior to the usual piece of its kind. The characters have individuality and purpose, and the dialogues are fluent, snappy and witty. Aided by pretty girls, clever comedians, beautiful costumes, the latest vocal numbers and graceful dances, a thoroughly delightful evening's entertainment is assured at Smethport Lyceum, Tuesday, Jan. 30.

Lost.

A small black and tan bitch pup aged 7 months. Finder will be rewarded by returning to Charles Croissant, East Smethport.

For Sale.

The Smethport Steam Laundry is for sale. Good reasons for selling. Enquire of T. H. Purtle, Smethport, Pa.

For Rent.

Office recently vacated by Johnson Apple. Inquire of Mrs. Mary L. Elliott.

A Stratagem of Letters

By HOWARD FIELDING

Copyright, 1903, by Charles W. Hoyke

MY visitor had an excellent counterfeit of a frank demeanor, yet I observed that he desired strict privacy for our interview and that he was interested in the question whether the sound of our voices would penetrate the thin partition which separated my modest sanctum from the composing room of the newspaper. He drew a chair very close to mine and laid a clipping on the desk.

"Could you tell me," said he, "who wrote that article?"

It was a labored disquisition on the reading of cryptograms and had been printed in last week's Saturday supplement with small hope on my part that it would amuse anybody in our town.

"Certainly," said I. "It was written by David Graham, foreman of my composing room."

"Could I see Mr. Graham" he asked.

"You may send him your card," said I; "the real one, not the one you sent to me."

He eyed me with mild surprise.

"What makes you think"— he began, but I cut in upon him.

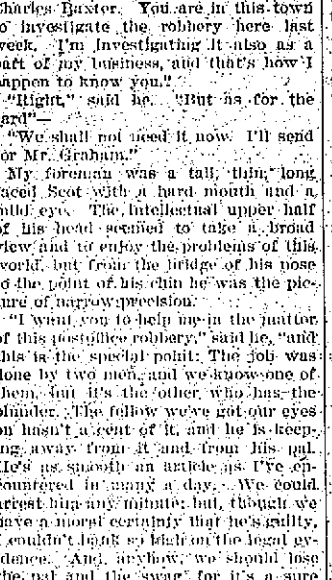
"I don't think; I know. You are a postoffice detective, and your name is Charles Baxter. You are in this town to investigate the robbery here last week. I'm investigating it also as a part of my business, and that's how I happen to know you."

"Right," said he. "But as for the card"—

"We shall not need it now. I'll send for Mr. Graham."

My foreman was a tall, thin, long faced Scot with a hard mouth and a mild eye. The intellectual upper half of his head seemed to take a broad view and to enjoy the problems of this world, but from the bridge of his nose to the point of his chin he was the picture of narrow precision.

"I want you to help me in the matter of this postoffice robbery," said he, "and this is the special point: The job was done by two men, and we know one of them, but it's the other who has the plunder. The fellow we've got our eyes on hasn't a cent of it, and he is keeping away from it and from his pal. He's as smooth an article as I've encountered in many a day. We could arrest him any minute, but, though we have a moral certainty that he's guilty, I couldn't look at him on the legal evidence. And, anyhow, we should lose the pal and the swag, for it's a sure thing that one spit wouldn't squeal. He hasn't been near this town since the night of the robbery. He's living in a boarding house in Stanhope, twenty miles west of us, and his patience seems to be about as long suffering as ours. His only mistake is that he writes letters, and we've trapped one of them. He started to mail it yesterday afternoon and dropped it on the



"WHO WROTE THAT ARTICLE?"

street. One of my men, who was shadowing him, nabbed it in a holy second, and here it is."

Baxter laid an envelope on the leaf of my desk between Graham and me. We saw that it was addressed to Miss Annie Davenport, a young woman much admired in our town and of unblemished reputation. I was amazed and distressed that her name should be brought into such an affair.

"It's open," said the detective to Graham. "See what you can make of it."

"I am not so clear as to that," answered Graham. "It would appear to me that I might like the young lady's permissidn."

Upon this Baxter made quite a flowery argument, speaking of the interests of justice and other lofty considerations, but Graham and I were not impressed.

"Who wrote this?" I asked when the detective paused for breath.

"You'll know the name," said he. "Walter Allen."

I did indeed know the name and the man. Allen was the sole survivor of a family that had once been prominent in our town. He himself had been a wild youth, and his reputation had not improved with added years. He had inherited a small property from his father and was supposed to have squandered it. The homestead had been sold in foreclosure proceedings within a year, and little had been seen of Allen in Stockton since then. I knew, however, that he had once been very attentive to Annie Davenport, but had been supplanted in her affections, if, indeed, he ever had a share in them, by a much better man, to whom she was now said by the gossips to be engaged. This was Stuart Farnsworth, son of our postmaster and himself a new fledged lawyer not without clients.

"On the night of the robbery," said the detective, "Allen was seen and positively recognized within fifty yards of the postoffice just after the safe was blown, and he was running away. That's how sure we are of him. The man who saw him had sense enough to keep dark about it except to the postoffice authorities. He didn't even tell the police, for which we're much obliged."

It was a fact that Allen's name had not been whispered in connection with the affair.

"Now, here's a curious circumstance," continued Baxter, "The other robber was seen, too, but not recognized. He may have been disguised or he may be a stranger. At any rate we have his description, and we know that he carried a large black hand bag. That bag doubtless contained $8,000 and more of Uncle Sam's money. He had sense enough not to run, and Billy Stern, the letter carrier, who was the man that saw him, had a idea that there was anything wrong with the fellow until after he learned that Allen had been seen running in the other direction empty handed. Then the meaning of the man with the big bag flashed upon Stern's mind, and he told me."

"Does the description fit anybody hereabouts?" asked Graham.

"Except for a beard, which might have been false, of course," said Baxter, "it would fit Stuart Farnsworth, the postmaster's son, fairly well. And there's a point: Young Farnsworth might have known of the unusual sum of money in the postoffice safe. But he seems to have a fair alibi. He was calling that evening on a young lady named Annie Davenport." And the detective tapped the envelope with his finger.

"It lies in my mind that the robbery was past 12," said Graham, "and the young man would not be staying at Miss Davenport's so late."

"We learn that he left about 11," responded Baxter, "but the thieves were at work in the postoffice by 10 at the latest. It was better than a two hours' job on that safe. And now, Mr. Graham," he continued, "will you help me read this letter? It is in cipher, and we can't make anything of it. We have reason to assume that Allen has sent several to Miss Davenport since the robbery, and we think that we are justified in trying to get at the bottom of the puzzle. The young lady may be entirely innocent, of course. It's probable that she knows nothing of Allen's connection with the robbery or that he is suspected. There's doubtless some trickery which she is made to hand on these letters to the right party."

"I'll say the same to her if I was you," said Graham. "Then you'll be in the way of learning the insides of all this."

Baxter balked at this suggestion, but we succeeded in persuading him, and he set out for the house where Miss Davenport lived with her widowed mother. I gave him a note of introduction to the young lady and some rather severe admonitions as to his behavior, for I could see that he vaguely suspected her of some perhaps unconscious complicity in this affair. He was gone about two hours and returned both pleased and puzzled. Our afternoon edition had gone to press by that time, and Graham and I gave Baxter our undivided attention.

"This is a queer business," said he. "I'll be hanged if I understand it. But here's the story: A few days after the robbery Miss Davenport got a note from Allen. He told her some sort of a faked up story about being bothered by his debts and the noble resolve that he had made to pay them all. It was necessary, he wrote, that he should communicate secretly with a friend in this town. Would Miss Davenport receive the letters and simply hold them until the friend should come and claim them? She need not answer; he would take it for granted that she would do this small service for one whom she had once been gracious enough to count among her friends. Since then she has received five letters and has held them unopened on the theory that they were not for her. The friend has not appeared. I made her understand mighty clearly that this was a part of the postoffice robbery, and naturally she didn't like the idea. Here are the letters and her written permission for Mr. Graham to read them if he can."

"Give me the one that your alibi found on the street," said Graham. And Baxter laid it before him. It was a brief typewritten note consisting of a single string of jumbled letters and figures, as follows:

```
3 1 2 f q p y f e b s f 2 y q 2 p d n h 4 e 2
6 o x g f z t w 2 m g g r i v f f u 2 o w t
1 u j n f 2 y k a a 3 f r p h.
```

"You didn't show anything like that in your article," said Baxter, grinning.

"I was writing for grown folk," rejoined Graham. "This is child's play. It's a mere shift of the alphabet. The figures divide off the words and also show the extent of the shift, which is different for each word. How simple! '3. f'—f is the third letter after i; '2 f q p y'—f is the second letter after d, q is the second after o. The whole reads this way: 'I don't dare to make a move yet. Keep quiet. Our time will come.'"

"That doesn't give us much light," said Baxter, "but we have the other letters, and there's no doubt they were intended for Allen's pal. If the same cipher is used we've got"—

He paused as if stricken with paralysis. One of Miss Davenport's letters was open in his hand. The contents were blank paper!

It was the same with all of them: not a scrap of writing, no semblance of any communication whatever.

"Well, this knocks my eye out!" said Baxter. And then, with sudden energy: "These envelopes have been opened. I see the whole game. Stuart Farnsworth is the man. These letters were not kept under lock and key; they were scarcely out of plain sight—in a drawer of a writing desk in the Davenports' sitting room. Farnsworth could get at them without the girl's knowledge."

Now, this looked reasonable enough, except that a partnership in burglary between two bitter rivals in love would be somewhat of a novelty, especially with the young woman an unconscious assistant in the nefarious schemes. My credulity was hardly equal to the demand upon it, and when I thought of what I knew about young Farnsworth's character I rebelled utterly.

STRANG UPON THE CARRIER.

"There is one point," Graham was saying. "Allen wrote this letter and lost it. Of course he would write another. Has it been received?"

"Not yet," said Baxter.

Graham glanced at the clock.

"There's one more delivery today," he said. "It'll be due in a few minutes at Miss Davenport's house. Suppose we go up there."

Baxter accepted the suggestion, and we set out at once, reaching the house precisely in the nick of time. Billy Stern was in the very act of delivering a letter to Miss Davenport at the gate.

Baxter, out of breath with walking, merely extended his hand for the letter, and Miss Davenport gave it to him. The detective tore open the envelope and drew forth a sheet of blank paper.

"This is too much for me," said he. "I'll be hanged if I understand"—

He was interrupted by a sudden and surprising occurrence. Without the slightest warning Graham sprang upon Stern, the carrier, and the two men came heavily to the ground. Graham was much the stronger. He seized Stern's right wrist and wrenched his hand open. A crumpled paper was disclosed. Baxter stooped and seized it, and I saw as he held it up that it bore a letter written in Allen's cipher.

Graham rose, pulled Stern up after him, then he faced Baxter.

"Why, man," he cried, "how could ye doubt who was at the bottom of this business? Did ye really believe that these letters were opened at the Miss Davenport received them?"

"Do you mean that this fellow Stern has opened them," demanded Baxter, "that they were intended for his eyes, that the whole plot was between Stern and Allen?"

"Beyond a doubt," answered Graham. "Stern's description of the second robber was an obvious lie intended to throw dust in your eyes and cast suspicion upon an innocent man—young Farnsworth. Stern saw no robber but Allen until he came to a looking glass and saw himself. He's a trusted man in the office. He'd have a far better chance than the postmaster's son to know of the large sum in the safe. Did ye not think of that?"

Baxter slowly shook his head.

"I guess you're right," he said. "I remember trying to find Stern on the evening of the fourth day after the robbery, and on that same evening Allen got away from my watchers for a couple of hours. But I never thought that there was any connection between the two occurrences. They must have met."

"And on the next day Miss Davenport got the note from Allen asking her to receive the letters," said Graham. "It was a clever trick. Allen knew that he was watched. He dared not mail letters to Stern or even to a bogus name, for he knew you would trace them—in short, they had to be delivered to somebody. If they had been destroyed or held in the postoffice you'd have known that the other thief must be there."

He turned suddenly and seized the pale and trembling postman by the arm with a grip that made him wince.

"You'd just opened this last letter, eh?" said he. "And you had the inclosure in your pocket? Of course. And when you saw Mr. Baxter open the envelope you were afraid and tried to crumple the slip in your hand and toss it over the fence, but I nabbed you in time. Am I right?"

Stern tried to answer, but his throat was too dry. His face was a picture of guilt.

"Well, I guess he's the man, sure enough," said Baxter.

The rest was easy. Before the evening was over the two thieves were in custody and their plunder unearthed from the hiding place where Stern had bestowed it.

Personal Beauty.

If either man or woman would realize the full power of personal beauty it must be by cherishing noble thoughts and hopes and purposes, by having something to do and something to live for that is worthy of humanity and which by expanding the capacities of the soul gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.—Upham.

A Man of Action.

Hicks—There isn't a man in town who can keep the conversational ball rolling like our friend Gayrake. Wicks—Nonsense! He never says anything worth listening to. Hicks—No, but he does a lot of things worth talking about.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He who feels contempt for any living thing hath faculties that he hath never used, and thought with him is in its infancy.—Wordsworth.

A clever woman once gave a very smart designation of a secret as something for one, enough for two, nothing for three.

FOSSIL CORKSCREWS

QUEER FREAKS OF NATURE THAT ABOUND IN NEBRASKA.

Gigantic Spirals of Mineral Fashioned So Mathematically as to Be Easily Mistaken at First Glance For Works of Art.

Nobody knows with certainty what the so called "devil's corkscrews" really are. They are found by tens of thousands in Nebraska, most particularly in Sioux county, and some of them are as much as forty feet in height without counting the gigantic "roots" presently to be described. Quartz is the substance of which they are made, but how they came to be imbedded, numbers of them together, in the sandstone cliffs of that region is more than anybody has yet told, unless, perhaps, one theory, to be mentioned later, is to be accepted as correct.

You are traveling, let us say, on horseback through that part of the country, and as often happens, you see, standing out from the face of a sandstone cliff, a gigantic spiral. If, as geologists have proved, the sandstone rock be chipped away a corkscrew shaped thing of quartz is exposed to view, fashioned so mathematically as to be easily mistaken at first glance for a work of art. The white spiral may be free, as a sculptor would say, or, in other cases, may be twined about a sort of axis, as if the whole had run around a vertical pole.

Somebody awhile ago gave to these spirals the name "devil's corkscrews" for want of a better and as expressive of the mystery of their origin. Scientists discussed them in vain, and many theories were formed in regard to them. There were authorities who declared they were fossil burrows excavated in tertiary times by gophers of a huge and extinct species. And, to confirm this notion, the bones of some burrowing animal were actually found imbedded in the substance of one of the screws. This seemed to settle the matter for awhile, until the controversy was started again by the discovery of the osseous remains, under like conditions, of a small deer. Nobody could assert that a deer was ever a burrowing animal, and so that notion had to be abandoned.

Other theorists declared that the "fossil twisters," as some folks called them, represented the prehistoric borings of gigantic worms that lived in the very long ago. Yet others suggested that they were petrified vines, though it was difficult to explain how or why the "poles" on which the alleged vines seemed in many cases to have been trained had been so admirably preserved, or for that matter, originally erected.

In the midst of so many contradictory theories the problem seemed likely to defy solution indefinitely. The one that held out longest and gained most adherents was that of the extinct gophers. It accounted for the "root"—a shapeless aboveground affair nearly as big as the "twister" itself and attached to the lower end of the latter—which obviously, as it seemed, had been the nest of the rodent animal, the "corkscrew" representing the spiral hole by which it made its way to the surface of the ground. What could possibly be more easy to comprehend?

Professor E. H. Barbour, however, has declared—and his decision is accepted provisionally until somebody offers a better—that the corkscrews are of vegetable origin. They are, he asserts, the fossil remains of ancient water weeds of gigantic size, which grew millions of years ago on the bottom of a vast sheet of water that covered all of Nebraska. These must have been the biggest aquatic plants that ever existed, and when the huge lake that overflowed the region in question dried up the remains of many of the plants were left behind buried in the accumulated detritus at the bottom.

In the course of time ages after the bottom of the ancient lake had been converted into solid rock—rivers plowed their way through the land, cutting this way and that and exposing to the view of the modern traveler on the faces of the cliffs the fossil casts of the prehistoric water weeds just as they stood when they grew, hundreds of thousands and probably millions of years ago. Their tissues were replaced as they decayed by silica from the water, particle by particle, and thus, as if by magical means, their likenesses have been preserved for the wonder and admiration of the present survivors on the earth.

Such is the theory now pretty well accepted by scientists in regard to the origin of the "fossil corkscrews." Possibly it is not correct, but if otherwise there is room for the exercise of anybody's imagination in the consideration of this veritable romance of the ancient history of the world.—New York Herald.

Boiled Turkey and Oyster Stuffing.

Take a medium sized turkey and stuff it with the following ingredients: Chop four ounces of suet very fine, mix it with six ounces or breadcrumbs, the grated rind of half a lemon, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, salt, cayenne pepper and grated nutmeg to taste. Take the beards off two dozen oysters, add them and their liquor, strained, and lastly two eggs. Truss the bird, tie it in buttered paper and then in a cloth. Place the turkey, breast downward, in boiling water; let it come again to boil, skim it well and simmer gently for an hour and a half or longer, according to the size of the bird. Serve with rich white sauce.

Immune.

"You know, they say," remarked Mr. Sloman, gazing dubiously at the mistletoe above her head, "that kissing really spreads disease sometimes."

"Yes?" replied the sweet girl. "By the way, did you know I was vaccinated recently?"

Sudden.

"This is so sudden," she murmured weakly.

The messenger boy had answered her call within five minutes of her ringing him up.—Baltimore American.

THACKERAY'S SUBSTITUTE.

A Singular Story About a Chapter In "The Virginians."

Many American readers of Thackeray have wondered how he was able to write so graphic and correct an account of George Warrington's escape from Fort Duquesne and his journey through the wilderness to the banks of the Potomac, as Thackeray had never seen the magnificent valley through which his gallant hero fled after his daring escape. It will be a surprise to many people to hear that Thackeray didn't write the chapter at all, but that the well known author, John P. Kennedy, did. This is the story as Colonel John H. B. Latrobe used to tell it:

Kennedy was at a dinner in London with Thackeray, Anthony Trollope, Wilkie Collins and other celebrities.

The dinner was over and the guests were settling down to the wine and cigars when Thackeray, always at his best upon a jovial occasion like the present, who was entertaining the company with his wit and satire, suddenly stopped and, looking at his watch, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I must leave you. I have promised the printer a chapter of the 'Virginians' tomorrow morning, and I haven't written a line of it yet. I hate to go, but I must. The printer is inexorable. So, wishing you all another meeting when I can be longer with you, I bid you a good evening."

Thackeray had almost reached the door when Kennedy called him back and said:

"Perhaps I can write the chapter for you. What are you going to describe?"

The great novelist seemed a little astonished at this bold proposition, but as he was a perfect man of the world he was too polite to say what he thought.

"Kennedy, you are extremely kind, and gladly would I let you write the chapter for me, for I hate to leave a jolly party in the midst of the fun."

"Then don't," all the company cried. "Stay with us and let Mr. Kennedy write the proposed chapter."

"I am half a mind to let you do it just for the fun of the thing. It is a chapter chiefly of description, giving an account of George Warrington's escape from Fort Duquesne and his journey to the Potomac."

"If that's what you are writing about I can do it, for I know every foot of the ground."

"All right, then," said Thackeray, resuming his seat at the board. "Let me have it early tomorrow morning."

Mr. Kennedy withdrew and, going to his hotel, wrote the fourth chapter of the second volume of "The Virginians," and this it happened that George Warrington's narrative of his flight was so operatic as to the topography of the country through which he passed.

England's First Direct Tax.

The first direct tax that was imposed in England was borne by the people in the reign of Ethelred the Unready, A. D. 991. It was called—or that money could be raised wherewith to purchase peace from the Danes, who at that period were overrunning England, but this tax defeated its own object, inasmuch as it incited the Danes, who well knew that they would be bought off at any cost, to fresh depredations, which resulted in the receipt, as bribes, of 134,000 pounds of silver.

The levying of the tax was, moreover, open to great abuse, for, although no man was liable for more than one annual payment of twelvepence per hide of land, wherever money was known to exist it was demanded by the king's officers, and ability to pay once was regarded as ability to pay again. Thus were many even of the richest landowners reduced to poverty.

This tax was abolished by Edward the Confessor, but revived by William I., and formed part of the revenue of the crown till suppressed by Stephen, A. D. 1136.

London's Lord Mayor.

The lord mayor of London is a very important personage. In his own province he takes precedence of all the royal family, he has the right of access to the king whenever he chooses, the coveted entree at levees and drawing rooms and the privilege of driving direct into the ambassadors' court at St. James'. He has the badges of royalty—the scepter, the swords of justice and mercy and the mace—attached to his office, is a privy councilor of the king, receives the Tower password signed by the sovereign, is custodian of the city gates, a very honorary office in these days, and has the uncontrolled conservancy of the Thames from Rochester to Oxford. He controls the city purse, has many valuable appointments in his gift and is, of course, chief magistrate of the city. These are but a few of the lord mayor's dignities and privileges, but they will give some idea of his importance.

An Offer of Marriage.

The leading paper in a provincial town recently published the following matrimonial advertisement:

"A young lady of enormous wealth, who is prepared to pay off all the debts of her intended husband, desires to form the acquaintance of a respectable young gentleman with a view to matrimony. Each reply to be accompanied by a photo of the sender and addressed to J. P., at the office of this paper."

The delicate hand which drew up the above lines and thereby secured a very large number of offers belonged to no less a personage than Herr Izig Schinucheles, who had lately opened a clothing establishment in the town. By means of the photos sent in he was enabled to ascertain which of his would be customers were in the habit of leaving their debts unpaid.—From the German.

No Fire In Them.

Nowitt—It certainly is a great establishment. They're sticklers for system there; everything in its right place. Cassidy—Oh, Oi dunno! Whin Oi wint through there Oi seen a lot o' red buckets marked "For Fire Only," an', faix, there was wather in thim!—Philadelphia Press.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Pleasant to Take, Powerful to Cure, And Welcome In Every Home.

KIDNEY AND LIVER CURE

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording permanent relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints; cures Constipation and Weaknesses peculiar to women.

It proves successful in cases where all other medicines have totally failed. No sufferer should despair so long as this remedy is untried. It has an unbroken record of success for over 50 years, and has won hosts of warm friends.

Are you suffering from any disease traceable to the causes mentioned? If so, Dr. Kennedy has staked his personal and professional reputation on the statement that Favorite Remedy will do you good.

Send for a free trial bottle and booklet containing valuable medical advice on the treatment of various diseases. Write plainly or an "Easy Test" for finding out if you have kidney disease. Address Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y.

REMEMBER, the full name is Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Rondout, N. Y., and the price is $1.00 (six bottles $5.00) at all druggists in the United States, Canada and foreign countries.

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY.

A display of French Pattern Hats designed by Colliar, Virot, Lichtenstein.

Also pretty designs from Redfern, Carolyn, Rebrandt, Linn Faulkner and others.

Carrie Reilly Clark & Co.
REILLY BLOCK, SMETHPORT.

E. W. JONES,
(Successor to F. H. Nourse.)
LIVERY & FEED STABLE
Bennett House Barn
First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.
Directly Opposite Court House
SMETHPORT, PA.

ACME MILL,
F. A. GREEN, Propr.
MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF
Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.
Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

UNDERTAKING
AND
EMBALMING
IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR
SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. T. Palmer
LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.
FOR SALE,
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.
Smethport - Penn.
March 5, 1903.

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Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable establishment. Prices are right.

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

When life's autumn comes, women, worn out by the burdens of motherhood, yet shrink from that second "change of life" which will banish these burdens forever. They fear a change in form, in feature, in personal attractiveness. Such fears are largely warranted by the effects which this change produces in many women. But no woman need let these fears fret her.

Those who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription do not suffer from the change of life either in face, form or feelings as do other women. This fact is due to the intimate connection of the general health with the health of the organs peculiarly feminine. By preserving the health of these organs, and relieving the system from the debilitating drains, ulcers and inflammations which sap its health, "Favorite Prescription" paves the way for this natural change to come in Nature's way, without the loss of capacity to please others or personal inability to enjoy life.

"Your 'Favorite Prescription' brought me safely through that difficult period, called 'change of life,'" writes Mrs. Mary Engalinger, of 34 E. Ankeny St., Portland, Oregon. "This change made a very unpleasant disturbance through my entire system. I had hot and cold flashes, sick headaches, became excited, frightened, nervous and irritable. My appetite was fitful and for days I was unable to eat a fair meal. My aunt recommended me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it made a great change for the better. Within two weeks the unpleasant feelings had disappeared. I have a husband and eight children so have the care of a large family but was able to attend to my household duties without any difficulty and passed the period without any more trouble. I can recommend your 'Favorite Prescription' as a grand medicine for women."

You may be willing that somebody else shall say that their baby is "just as good" as yours, but you don't want that baby substituted for yours. Let dealers say what they like about other medicines being "just as good," but don't let them substitute anything for "Favorite Prescription." It is absolutely unequaled.

THE BIG STORE.

I have the best GAS LIGHT ever shown in Smethport for 75c complete.

CALL AND SEE IT.

Also full line of HARDWARE, GAS STOVES and RANGES, CROCKERY and GLASSWARE, CAST ALUMINUM WARE that will last a lifetime.

JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 25, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Note the change of ad for Mrs. A. E. Hinman.

—Port Allegany has 115 Bell telephones in use.

—Do not forget to attend the Republican primaries on Saturday.

—If you like music the new advertisement of Holmes & Gilfillan will interest you.

—Luther H. Johnson, a veteran of the Civil war and a former resident of this county, died at Sterling, Mich., recently.

—The ladies of St. Luke's church will hold a Cooked Food Sale at the Parish House on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 27, from 3 to 5 o'clock.

—The members of the Traveller's Club will entertain their friends, Tuesday evening, Jan. 30, 1906, at the Hose House. It will be the Club's fourteenth birthday and the presents received will help to swell the "Club House Fund."

—The recently blown-up powder plant at Emporium is being rebuilt, and, somewhat nerve-trying it may appear, though nine husky young Americans are waiting in town to take the places of the nine men who were blown to atoms.—Potter Journal.

—The mistaken identity of a captivating widow furnishes the theme for a consistent and well planned plot in the reigning farcical success "The Real Widow Brown." It's funny, very funny, and an immense winner. Pretty girls, clever comedians, gorgeous costumes, enchanting music, and songs and pleasing dances supply the entertaining elements in this attraction which comes to the Smethport Lyceum Monday Jan. 29th.

—New York has taken note of the fact that its Mayor was a newspaper man for three years; the heads of the fire and bridge departments were recently reporters; the health commissioner was an editorial writer; the license commissioner, the assessor, the water register, the mayor's secretary, the secretaries of eight city departments and thirty other office holders of some importance were all recently engaged upon the daily papers. This is interesting but not strange. Two of the three commissioners of the District of Columbia are newspaper men and the capitol is a very well governed city.

The Antiquity of Football.

If it is not the oldest game in the world football is not far from it. But it has never been a game in which many nations played. The Greek game was originally called phenindr, or feinting, later it was called episkyrus, epikoinos, and lastly harpaston, under which name it came to resemble football. The Roman game was follis and was less rough. There was a center runner in harpaston, around whom the game was fought out. One side was given the ball; the other side chose a center. The side with the ball stood some distance back from a line on which the center runner was posted, and at signal the ball was thrown just over the middle man. Players could be held back from securing the ball in any way, though the Greek youths had no rush formation; never seeming to have learned the value of team work.—Outing.

Acute Sense of Hearing.

"Yes," said the prosperous lawyer in speaking to a friend, "I had a long wait before I got any practice, but I am certainly satisfied now with my profession and its emoluments.

"The early days, the waiting for clients, was hard, though. Why, do you know that I got so after awhile that when I heard a footstep on the stairs I could tell ninety-nine times out of a hundred whether or not the person was coming to my office?"

"Well, that is strange," replied his friend. "Your sense of hearing must have been very acute."

"Not so much that," replied the lawyer. "You see, I made up my mind that they were not coming to my office, and ninety-nine times out of a hundred I was right."

A Suggestive Sermon.

The Rev. Dr. Howard, chaplain to Princess Augusta, was so fond of good living that he run into debt with many of the tradesmen in his parish. It was in their special interests that he one day preached from the text, "Have patience, and I will pay you all." He spoke at great length on the virtues of patience and then proceeded, "I now come to the second part of my discourse, which is, 'and I will pay you all,' but that I shall defer to a future occasion."—London Standard.

Consideration.

Jinson—Now, you wouldn't marry me, would you? Miss Sears—Most certainly not. But why do you ask such a question? Jinson—Just to decide a bet.

Let no man think lightly of good, saying in his heart it will not benefit me. Even by the falling of water drops a water pot is filled.—Buddha.

A spot is most seen on the finest cloth.—German Proverb.

Art by the Ton.

An American city once asked MacMonnies, the sculptor, to enter a design for army and navy groups for a soldiers' and sailors' monument. He declined to compete. Then the commission was tendered to him outright. He submitted sketches of his idea for the groups. The committee in charge of the monument wrote him, asking, "How many tons of granite do you intend to use in the base?" His reply was: "If you are in the business of buying granite you may use as much as you want, one ton or 100,000 tons. I am an artist, and I never yet heard of art being bought by the pound." The question was dropped until the contract for the commission was drawn. When Mr. MacMonnies received it he discovered in it a clause providing that in case the bronzes were ever thrown down from their base, by any cause whatever, and any person or property should be injured, he and his heirs forever should be liable for the damage sustained. He returned the contract without comment, unsigned. When the committee wrote him, asking the reason, his brief reply was, "Your lawyers are too sharp."—World's Work.

The Ruling Passion Strong in Death.

The ruling passion of Edward I. of England was undoubtedly the pursuit of his ideal of uniting all the British Islands under one rule. His great obstacle was Scotland, and the conquest of Scotland, therefore, became a passion with him. Stronger than years, it sent him to the head of the army when he was fit only for a sick bed, and when he was at last compelled to yield he sought to make this passion spur on his son by ordering that the flesh should be boiled from his bones and that his skeleton should be carried at the head of the army and remain unburied till Scotland was conquered.

This is the most conspicuous instance of "the ruling passion strong in death" on record, though many others would be worthy of quotation. William Pitt's patriotism endured to his last gasp and inspired his last utterance, as did Nelson's "iron determination" to secure the command of the sea, while Napoleon [illegible] one of little.

[illegible] has been [illegible] seen on the [illegible] An innocent [illegible] to the officer [illegible] number of [illegible] The method [illegible] serves at intervals of 3, 6, 12 and 200 [illegible] smugglers arguing that if the first three lots could be sent over there would be [illegible] with the 200.

The officer was [illegible] on the alert. In accordance with the peasant's statement the [illegible]s were driven over, then six, followed by twelve. All were allowed to pass, and preparations were made to receive the 200. But no more pigs appeared, and the twenty-one animals admitted had in the meantime been lodged in safety.—Berlin Cor. London Mail.

The Deep Sea Lead.

In order to find a ship's position when approaching the land in a fog soundings are taken with the "deep sea lead." This lead weighs twenty-eight pounds and is attached to a line which is marked off in fathoms by bunting of various colors, pieces of leather and knots. Bored in the base of the lead is a hole about two inches deep, and this is filled with tallow, so that the gravel or shells at the ocean bottom will adhere to it, and the nature of the bed may be thus ascertained. When the lead is thrown overboard the water's depth is noted on the line, and this and the adherence to the tallow when compared with the description given on the chart will give the ship's position with tolerable accuracy.

Rudimentary Hind Limbs.

Snakes are not the only animals which exhibit the possession of rudimentary hind limbs. In the whale tribe there is no evidence externally of hind limbs. The fore limbs in them are converted into the "flippers," or swimming paddles. Yet when the skeleton is examined traces of a haunch and attached rudimentary thigh bones are found. There is developed in certain kinds of whales a bony piece representing the haunch. The thigh bone is distinct, but there is a mere rudiment attached to it, representing the shin bone or fibula of other animals.

Ancient Remedies For Hiccoughs.

The hiccough seems to be a modern and dangerous disease, but the ancients knew it and prescribed remedies that might now be tried advantageously. Galen recommended sneezing; Aetius approved of a cupping instrument with great heat to the breast; Alexander believed in an oxymel of squills; Alsaharavius made use of refrigerant drafts; Rhases put his trust in calefacients, such as cumin, pepper, rue and the like, in vinegar; Rogerius looked kindly on calefacient, attenuant and carminative medicines.

The "Giant" Bell.

Russia is famed for the manufacture of great bells. The "Giant," cast in Moscow in the sixteenth century, weighed nearly 320,000 pounds and required twenty-four men to ring it. In 1732 it fell, but its fragments were recast along with other metal into a bell which weighed 443,000 pounds, the metal of which alone is valued at $300,000.

Proof of Democracy.

"Ma, teacher was tellin' us that we should all be on a equality in our schoolroom. Nobody should feel any better'n anybody else."

"That's right, George."

"Say, ma, can I go to school today without washin' my face? None of the rest of 'em washes theirs."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Cut Artery.

A quick witted woman stopped the flow from a cut artery in the leg by putting the foot in three inches of flour in a large jar and packing flour to the top of the jar, beating the flour down with a piece of stove wood.

Telegraph Operators' Signs.

Telegraph operators always have personal signs which they place on all messages they send or receive. Usually they use two of their initials or take two letters from their names. For instance, James Black will probably use "JB" as his sign. In many cases, however, they choose their signs in peculiar ways.

"We once had a man working here who signed 'KE' because he had taken the Keeley cure," said a Kansas City chief operator. "He afterward went back to drinking and then used 'BZ,' deriving it from 'booze.' Another fellow signed 'PS' because he used to say he received a poor salary. A woman operator we had here used to sign 'HK,' her initials, until one day her beau jilted her and married another girl. After that she signed 'BH,' which, we understood, meant 'broken heart.' In an eastern office where I once worked there was a hoodoo sign. It was 'KQ.' The first man who used it there was killed by a train, the next one went crazy and the third died of typhoid fever. After that nobody in the office dared use the hoodoo sign. The story about its being a jough traveled over the country, and today you'll find very few operators signing 'KQ.'"

American Exuberance.

A prominent English statesman who visited this country a few years ago was talking with friends about the national characteristics of Americans and gave it as his opinion that the westerner is the most truly humorous of the citizens of the United States.

"Why," said the Briton in explanation, "a relative of mine who frequently visits the States for purposes of sport tells me that he was entranced by the reply made to him by the proprietor of a hotel in Nebraska when he asked if there were any quail in the vicinity.

"'Quail!' exclaimed the proprietor. 'I should say so! Why, they've got to be a regular nuisance around here. My cook complains that she can't throw a piece of trash out of the window without four or five fat quail fighting to see which shall get on it!'"—Woman's Home Companion.

Too Curious.

One well known New York woman has discovered, like some others of her sex, that it does not pay to be too curious. One of the old family retainers is a Scotchman named William, who does not believe in giving over the truth for the sake of sparing his master's feelings. The woman in question, although possessed of considerable charm of manner, is not a beauty and knows it. Her husband, recently deceased, was a remarkably handsome man, and his wife was one of his sincerest admirers. One day when she was looking at her husband's picture on the mantel in the sitting room William was fussing around the grate, and in a moment of impulse she asked:

"William, what do you think made such a handsome man as Colonel S. marry such a plain woman as me?"

William looked from the portrait to the speaker, meditated a second and answered:

"Must have been heaven's will, ma'am."

The African Drum.

The African drum appears in varied and often picturesque forms. The natives make drums out of shells, tree trunks or earthenware, covered with the skin of some wild animal or sometimes with India rubber. Of the original calabash drums there is probably only one specimen in Europe. Some of the drums are highly ornamented either by painting or carving. One specimen, indeed, has puzzled travelers, for there is depicted on it unmistakably a cross and also a head of European type. A drum found in upper Lualaba has a unique peculiarity in the way of a "sympathetic cord," formed by means of a small tube ingeniously inserted in the side of the instrument, which causes, when the drum is beaten, a vibration resembling that of the reed pipe.—Southern Workman.

A Plea For Soup.

A learned doctor, pleading for soup on every dinner table says: "A person comes to dinner weary and hungry and needs first something to stimulate the secretions of the stomach. The first course, hot soup, does this by its action upon the nerves which control the dilated vessels. Taking the soup slowly is an aid to digestion, and if not a favorite dish fish or oysters can be substituted, serving the same purpose. The joint or roast can then be taken with benefit to the system, and the game, vegetables and sweets should follow in their order, not necessarily in courses for the plain family dinner, however."

Mileage of the Blood.

The mileage of the blood circulation reveals some astounding facts in our personal history. Thus it has been calculated that, assuming the heart to beat 60 times a minute at ordinary heart pressure, the blood goes at the rate of 867 yards in the minute, or seven miles per hour, 168 miles per day and 61,320 miles per year. If a man of eighty-four years of age could have one single blood corpuscle floating in his blood all his life it would have traveled in that same time 5,150,868 miles.

Watch and See.

A well known horseman describes a fact in natural history which may not be generally known. It is that all four footed beasts in making the first movement in walking, running or any sort of forward motion always employ the left hind leg as a starter. Even a child if put down on all fours and bidden to advance in that position will make the first move with its left leg, its hands at the time occupying the place of an animal's fore legs.

An Accomplished Fact.

"Grandma, may I take that piece of chocolate you left on the table? I will be so good."

"Yes, you may take it."

The little girl does not move.

"Why don't you go and get it?"

"Oh, grandma, dear, I ate it first!"

The Congressional Library.

In its fine building the library of congress should be safe against destruction for many centuries. Fire has cost the world many of its greatest collections. It ruined the ancient Alexandrian library of the Ptolemies when the Christians sacked the temple of Serapis in the year 275. It cost the world thousands of ancient manuscripts that were stored in Constantinople when the Crusaders captured the city. Twice the library of congress has suffered by fire—first at the destruction of the capitol by the British in 1814 and again in 1851. In its present housing it is protected by every possible safeguard and directed in its development by the most expert of custodians. And with a sense of pride in which all Americans must share the nation has given to its foremost sculptors and artists the opportunity to enrich its walls with their works. It is a monument to American thought and learning, which must grow in value and significance with each year.—New York World.

The Alexandrite.

Don't think that your knowledge of wonder gems is complete till you have seen an "alexandrite," green by day and red by night. And such a green—olive bronze, with a potent suggestion that red is there. Green when held in the sunlight. In a darkened room with artificial light a ruby where the color did was at moment before—a tawny wine red of exquisite tone.

A FAMILY SAFEGUARD

Dr. Green arranges with the Niece of the late Boschee to handle her famous Uncle's Great Throat and Lung Cure.

¶The best family safeguard is a reliable household medicine that will cure croup, coughs, colds, chilly sensations, running eyes and nose, sore throat and bronchial affections—that will keep the children proof against all contagious diseases.

¶Such a medicine is Boschee's German Syrup, which has a record of 35 years in the cure of consumption, catarrh and all lung and bronchial troubles.

¶The fame of German Syrup as a consumptive cure, since its purchase by Dr. Green from the niece of the famous Dr. Boschee, has extended to all parts of the earth. It has big sales everywhere.

¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

IT IS NOT A BAIT

to draw people to our store and make them buy something else—but a plain out and out

BARGAIN.

A 35c Undershirt or Drawer at

12 1-2 cents

We want to sell them—even if nothing else. They are heavy enough for winter and light enough for spring wear. All sizes.

Wm. Monheimer.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist,
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent,

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN
ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

Brasted's

CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

The Union County Star

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS—$1.00 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our only position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and Administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 25, 1906.

ATTEND the Republican primaries on Saturday.

A BILL to abolish capital punishment in New York State has been introduced in the legislature.

SENATOR DEPEW is seriously ill. It is said that he is suffering from melancholia and aphasia.

THE resolution introduced in the House by Representative J. Leo Plummer, the defeated candidate for State Treasurer, in the interest of local option, has been voted down.

THE Republican primaries for this borough will be held in the basement of the court house on Saturday from 4 to 8 p. m. All Republicans should turn out and assist in selecting an unusually strong ticket.

THE Brazilian turret ship Aquidaban, blew up at 10:15 Sunday night at Port Jacuypagus, south of Rio Janeiro, killing 212 of the officers and crew and injuring many others. Of those on board 98 were saved.

A NEW "Jack the Ripper" has appeared in St. Louis. He used a dagger and stabbed seven women within an hour. The women of the city are greatly alarmed and the whole police force is hunting for the fiend.

SINCE the Pennsylvania and other railroads announced that they would issue no more passes except to their employes a great deal has been said about the possibility of passing bills in the legislature of this State which would regulate passenger and freight rates and give this Commonwealth laws similar to those in our neighbor states. Before we become too sanguine about getting such laws passed we must remember that the "employes" of those big railroads are not all performing their duties in the offices and on the trains of their respective companies.

THE press in session of the legislature promises to bring forth good results. The Philadelphia Press says: The reform wave which swept over Pennsylvania last November has a purifying and quickening effect in a most unexpected manner. Though the election involved neither governor nor legislature, it has given us both a reforming governor and a reforming legislature. It is the same gang legislature which afflicted the state a year ago. We are not sure that it has experienced change of heart; but it clearly has had a change of mind, and it is already up to its ears in reform legislation. If the present era of good feeling and good intention persists to the end of the session the gang legislature of a year ago will go down to history as the author of the largest volume of genuine reform measure ever enacted by a single legislature.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)
WASHINGTON D. C., Jan. 20, 1906.

Secretary Root while appearing before the Appropriations Committee of the House this week took occasion to say a timely word on the consular system. He pictured out facts that ought to be perfectly well known to Congress at large but which, considering the way that the consular bill has been emasculated in the Senate, would seem either to be unpleasant truths to which Congress would rather shut its eyes or else facts in which they do not believe.

Here are some of the things that Secretary Root said:

"The American consulates in many places are in bad shape. Congress knows the conditions and the reasons as well as anyone. The consular service has been from long custom made the stronghold of the spoils system and has been used as a berth into which to shove any eminently respectable citizen who had outlived his usefulness elsewhere and who needed to be taken care of. The object of the consular service and consular salaries seems to have been to pay political debts and not to put live Americans abroad to foster American trade. Important clerkships in foreign consulates have too often been held by natives of the countries to which the consuls were accredited and not by Americans, this is the detriment of American trade. The provisions of the consular reform bill for the examination of young men and promotions based on seniority and ability have been stricken out by the Senate, and while some provisions of importance have been left in, it is a question whether the amended bill will pass."

This is a pretty severe arraignment of Congress coming as it does from the Secretary of State who is admittedly a good business man and a good lawyer and one who knows conditions both at home and abroad. The worst of it is that it is all true. The Senate regards the consular service as too good a repository of debt paying patronage to want to see it reformed. And that is the secret of the amendments to the consular bill just when the whole country is clamoring for reform in the service and when the State Department is doing its best to furnish the reform.

Secretary Root did not lose the opportunity to unburden himself of a few thoughts in regard to China too. He said that it was arrant nonsense to send a commission to China to study the existing conditions. He said: "If you gentlemen want to come up to the State Department we can bury you so deep in Chinese reports that you won't dig out for a week. They are reports too made by the consuls in China and by men who have had almost a lifelong acquaintance with China and the Chinese language and customs. What we want is not more information but more action. The Chinese exegation law is wrong in principle and has been harshly and unjustly administered. The President has attended to the administration end of it and there will henceforth be much less to complain of in that line. But the law itself is wrong. We do not want to let China coolies into this country, but we want a law that will keep them out and will not at the same time work as an insult to the respectable Chinese merchants, business men and students who come over here. This is a matter that Congress will have to deal with. We want the law justly and humanely administered, but we want a new law at the same time."

The Keep Commission report on the methods of the Agricultural Department in collecting crops statistics has been submitted to the President, and now all that is needed is Congressional action to clinch the good work that has already begun. The report is the result of months of patient study. It shows where the methods of the Department are at fault and points out some of the remedies. It also recommends the transfer of acreage reports to the Census Bureau. This last is a matter that will have to be dealt with by Congress since the making of the reports by the Agricultural Department is fixed by law. The Secretary of Agriculture says that some of the changes and improvements in methods that have been suggested by the commission have already been put in force. The Secretary's contention is that the work of the Department since the reorganization of the Bureau of Statistics has been accurate and satisfactory. He says he is willing to make improvements if they are pointed out to him, but leaves the inference that he has not found any such suggestions in the Commissioner's report.

There has been a small row that may develop into a sensational case in the hearing of Mr. Pountney Bigelow before the Senate Committee on Interocean canals. Mr. Bigelow has refused to answer some of the questions put to him on the ground that they would involve the means of persons who had talked to him in confidence about Isthmian affairs. The Committee has already decided that Mr. Bigelow is in contempt and there is a possibility that he may be put in jail to reconsider the matter. Possibly the Senate may go to this length, for it is jealous of its dignity. But if it does, there is a serious question whether it will get more out of Mr. Bigelow than it could out of a great many other witnesses and the contempt proceedings if they are instituted will be one of the best advertisements for Mr. Bigelow's books and magazine stories that could possibly be advised.

J. ODESSER

Has moved into the Jay Stickles' Building, East Smethport, where he will have better accommodations and more room to carry a complete line of

CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE,
TINWARE, Etc.

Will also be better prepared to handle Old Rags, Iron, Copper and junk of all kinds.

Highest Prices Paid.

J. ODESSER
EAST SMETHPORT PA.

KUSHEQUA ROUTE

Trains Leave Smethport at
7:00 a m for Bradford and Kane via B R & K, and Punxsutawney via B R & P
9:25 a m for Bradford via B R & P
11:25 a m for Bradford via B R & K, and Pittsburg via B R & P
2:25 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & K and Buffalo B R & P
4:50 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & P and DuBois via B R & P
5:47 p m for Bradford via B R & P.

Trains arrive at Smethport at
8:45 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from DuBois.
12:45 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
9:55 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg
3:35 p m from Bradford.
9:45 p m from Punxsutawney and Kane.

O. H. GLEASON, Agent.

License Transfer Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the application of John O. Dodge and Frank L. Sherburne, occupation farmers; present residence, Keating Township, McKean County, Pa., for a transfer of hotel license granted to B. F. Wright, on May 8th, 1905, for the sale of spirituous, vinous, malt and brewed liquors, by retail, in quantities not exceeding one quart, at the Wright House, situate, on the south side of Main street, corner of Mechanic street, in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pa., will be heard by the Honorable Joseph W. Bouton, at his Chambers, in the Court House, at Smethport, Pa., on the 5th day of February, 1906, at 9 o'clock a. m.

GORTON & RICHMOND,
Attorneys for Applicants.

SEE THE GROWTH OF THE

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.

NUMBER WRITTEN TO		GROSS ASSETS
January 1, 1901	650	$ 4,188.24
January 1, 1905	9,458	11,608.70
April 1, 1905	13,217	49,253.68
July 1, 1905	17,494	87,399.99
August 1, 1905	19,013	100,307.66
September 1, 1905	20,530	118,546.91
October 1, 1905	21,999	138,669.15
November 1, 1905	23,561	158,273.80
December 1, 1905		

Claims Paid to Date, $28,750.00.

IT PAYS at the end of each Five Years from $125 to $1,000.
IT PAYS from $5 to $20 per week to Disabled Members.
IT PAYS at Death from $100 to $800, no matter how soon it occurs.
IT PAYS for loss of an eye, arm or leg, from $50 to $400.
IT PAYS for the loss of two members twice the above amount.
IT PAYS you if you live; it pays you if you are sick.
IT PAYS you if you are hurt; it pays the beneficiary if you die.

OUR PLAN:

THE ASSOCIATION ISSUES FOUR CERTIFICATES, NAMELY:

	COST PER MONTH	WEEKLY BENEFIT	PAYMENT AT DEATH	DOUBLE ACCIDENT	SINGLE ACCIDENT	DIVIDEND END 5 YRS.
No. 1	$1.00	$ 5.00	$100.00	$100.00	$ 50.00	$125.00
No. 2	2.00	10.00	200.00	200.00	100.00	250.00
No. 3	3.00	15.00	300.00	300.00	150.00	375.00
No. 4	4.00	20.00	400.00	400.00	200.00	500.00

People's Mutual Life Insurance Association and League.
Syracuse, N. Y.

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case
Parker Lucky Curve
Fountain Pen.

COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan
Palmer House, 35c — 20c
Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c — Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS.
Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.
Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.
Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

Rochester Business Institute

A LEADER IN ITS FIELD.

Not a graduate of last year's class out of a position. Present enrolment much larger than that of last year. The managers are the authors of the leading series of commercial text books. Registration on every Monday. Send for catalogue.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

COLD, WET WEATHER

Will soon be here and you will want footwear that will do good service. We keep in stock a complete line of well known makes and our prices are reasonable. For the best in

FOOTWEAR

this is the place. Call and see our line.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - $200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS - $60,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.
Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

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Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets an Robes is here and at th store you can always find

Just What You Want.

All line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Ca Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

A Happy New Year

The past year has brought to our store many new faces and we trust that none have gone away dissatisfied. During the coming year, as in the past, we shall strive to please our patrons by giving them the very best of Clothing at the lowest possible prices, and money back if wanted. We wish our friends one and all a

Very Happy New Year

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.
The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 and 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 and 15c

Ask for Free Style Book.

Come Here Before Buying Elsewhere

I am offering at reduced prices

MEN'S HEAVY WOOLEN WORKING PANTS, FELTS and RUBBERS, FELT SLIPPERS.

Also what DRESS SKIRTS are left will be closed out at reduced prices.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
January 9, 1906.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES
IN
Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN
THE LEADING TAILOR.

CUT PRICE SALE.

This is the time of year when the shopper is looking for valuable goods at a very low price. You will realize a great saving by purchasing your ready to wear garments here.

All Trimmed Hats will go at cost.

A lot of Coats, Ladies, Misses and Children's, at prices that will surprise you.

A few good Furs left which are being sold at cost.

A good assortment of Ladies Dress Skirts, all colors, now going at a great sacrifice.

Many other bargains that limited space will not allow us room to mention.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN'S

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

My Christmas trade was unusually good and I wish to thank the people of this vicinity for their liberal patronage and wish all a Happy New Year. I have a few toys and useful articles which I will sell at or below cost to make a clean sweep of my holiday stock.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa

CLEARANCE SALE STILL ON.

ONLY TWO DAYS MORE

FRIDAY

AND

SATURDAY.

Take advantage of the great bargains offered and supply your wants now.

We will leave a list at your door.

The Lindholm Co.

Is Your Kitchen Plumbing Modern?

While it is commendable to give the utmost attention to the construction of your bathroom, it is advisable to give as equally good attention to the sanitary equipment of your kitchen.

Take into consideration the fact that all your food is prepared in the kitchen and that the utensils in which it is prepared depend upon the sanitary equipment of the kitchen for their cleanliness. Is this fact given sufficient consideration when the installation of a thoroughly sanitary kitchen sink is made?

We would like to examine the plumbing in your kitchen and if it is defective, tell you the cost of putting in a "Standard" Porcelain Enameled Sink with an abundant supply of hot and cold running water. This done, cleanliness will be assured.

Our booklet, "Modern Home Plumbing," shows several kitchens equipped with "Standard" Sinks. Call, write or phone for a copy. Every "Standard" Sink is fully guaranteed.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 25, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Roulette's new opera house is almost completed.

—J. Odesser has a new advertisement in this issue.

—Ross Colegrove is laid up with a felon on one of his fingers.

—The Shawmut is hauling some very heavy freights over its road.

—The Auditorium at Port Allegany is to be lighted with electricity.

—Wm. Mosheimer offers an extraordinary underwear bargain in his new ad.

—The Whist Club met with Mr. and Mrs S. D. Weaver of Main street last evening.

—The Lindholm Company are conducting a successful clearance sale. See their ad.

—Mrs. W. Stark entertains the Progressive Flinch Club at her home this afternoon.

—The W. C. T. U. will meet next Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the M. E. chapel.

—A singularity of feminine figures is that the more they are correct the more they lie.—Puck.

—A slight wreck on the Shawmut railroad near Kasson last Sunday delayed traffic for several hours.

—Don't overlook the new advertisement of Fry & Comes. It contains some very good clearance sale bargains.

—A number of Smethport people will see Mrs. Fiske in "Leah Kleschna" at the New Bradford Theatre to-night.

—William Taylor of Turtle Point killed a black bear on Parker Run last week. The animal dressed about 300 pounds.

—A dozen boys doffed their clothing and took a swim in the reservoir at the pump station east of town Sunday.—Kane Republican.

—Don't forget to attend the borough and township Republican primaries to be held at the usual polling places on Saturday from 4 to 8 p. m.

—The Democratic caucuses for Keating township will be held at the regular polling places on Tuesday, Jan. 30, between the hours of 2 and 8 p. m.

—While in New York last week H. H. Redfield purchased a new Model K Winton touring car. It is said to be one of the finest automobiles on the market.

—The Herald Square Stock Co. played to a crowded house at the Lyceum last Saturday evening. "Peck's Bad Boy" was presented, and it was all the name implies.

—Mr. Earnest E. Woodmansee of Norwich, Pa., and Miss Mary Heintz of Erie, Pa., were united in marriage by Justice of the Peace B. L. Knapp in this borough on Saturday, Jan. 20, 1906.

—There are three days, says an exchange, wherein man should not worry —to-morrow, because it has not yet arrived; to-day, because it is needed for business, and yesterday, because it has gone forever.

—Humane Agent Driscoll of Bradford is in town soliciting funds to aid in the work carried on by the society he represents. It is a worthy cause and the gentleman will no doubt be successful in this place.

—Mrs. Sandford L. Fry of West Main street entertained the Euchre Club on Tuesday evening. Miss Ethel Gifford was awarded the prize for progressions, Mrs. R. C. Gleason the lone hand, and Mrs. S. E. Bell the visitors' prize.

—Eugene V. Debs will lecture in Bradford Tuesday evening, Jan. 30. If enough from Smethport desire to attend arrangements can be made for excursion rates via the Kushequa Route and a train will bring the party back the same night.

—Robert H. Winger of Warren, who recently received the Republican nomination for tax collector of that city, has promised, in the event of his election, to donate $6,000 of the commission of the office toward purchasing a public ball park and playground.

—The borough officers to be elected this spring are as follows: One person for burgess; two persons for council; one person for tax collector; two persons for school director; one person for auditor; one person for justice of the peace; one person for judge of election, and one person for inspector of election.

—The Democratic caucus will be held Tuesday Jan. 30, at the regular polling place from 7 to 9 p. m.

—Rev. J. H. McCandless has been having car trouble for the last three weeks, and has been unable to take the services at St. Luke's church, but hopes to be well enough to officiate on next Sunday at the usual hours for service.

—A man was arrested last week near Ogontz who is supposed to be Trouble, alias Miller, alias Myers, who killed Mrs. George Payne at Trowbridge, Tioga county, March 20, 1903. So far as we have learned his identity has not been established.

—The three-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Metzgar had his left thumb almost severed near the first joint on Monday, while playing with a cutting box. Medical aid was summoned and the member dressed. It is possible that the member may be saved but it is doubtful.

—The rumor is being circulated that the narrow gauge of the B. & O. R. R. system between Foxburg and Kane is to be made into a standard gauge railroad. Also that that portion of the B., B. & K. R. R. owned by the B. & O. between Kane and Ormsby will be widened to a standard gauge.

—High Sheriff W. A. Stevens has received numerous requests from people of the county who desire to spring the trap which will send Murderer Charles Brewster to eternity. A large number of the people of the county have asked Mr. Stevens to grant them the privilege of witnessing the execution.—Potter Democrat.

—The new woman comes in for a goodly share of comment these days, the charming widow in Mr. A. Q. Scammon's newest musical comedy success, "The Real Widow Brown," furnishes two and one half hours of enthusiasm and high class jollity. This excellent attraction presented by a well selected coterie of fun makers will be at the Smethport Lyceum Monday, Jan. 29.

—John J. Mundy and F. S. Thomas have purchased the Potter Democrat published at Coudersport, and took possession of the plant on Monday. Both are practical printers, energetic young business men and have been connected with newspapers in Coudersport for a number of years. They are both deservedly popular and are sure of making a success of their new undertaking.

—Dr. and Mrs. H. L. McCoy and Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Baker entertained a party of young people at the home of Dr. and Mrs. McCoy last evening, at five hundred. Mrs. Horace H. Redfield won the prize for highest score; Mrs. Fred D. Gallup won the progressive prize for the ladies; Harry L. Backus won the prize for highest score and Sandford L. Fry for progressions for gentlemen.

—A. E. Dikeman, a Bradford young man and member of Company C, was arrested in this place yesterday by Constable E. W. Jones at the instance of Capt. Joseph Crawford, on the charge of wilfully neglecting a summons to be in attendance at inspection of the company. Private H. C. Whitney came over from Bradford in the afternoon and took the young man back to his military duties.

—A Corry special to the Random Notes of the Bradford Era says: Owing to the overwhelming tropical heat that has prevailed here during the past few days, trains are running behind time and business is at a standstill. The farmers are preparing for spring work and eggs have taken a drop from 40 to 20 cents a dozen. Several snakes have been seen in the outlying districts by persons of intemperate habits.

—The liberality of some concerns wanting advertising in weekly newspapers is astonishing. A Detroit concern offers to send us 2 cases (3 dozen 10 cent packages in each case) of their breakfast food f. o. b. Detroit, and all they ask in return for their product, which retails for $7.20, is $10.00 worth of advertising space and $3.30 in cash. We regret, that owing to a stringency in the money market, we are compelled to decline this liberal offer.

—The Harmonie Quartette, assisted by Miss Howard, pianist, all of Buffalo, gave a very pleasing concert at the Lyceum last evening before a very small audience. Every number on the program was heartily received and it is to be regretted that so few were in attendance to hear this musical treat. Mr. Lloyd Downey, son of B. T. Downey of this place, rendered a violin obligato for one of the solos in a masterly style and not only pleased but surprised his many friends.

—Sunday and Monday were two of the warmest days that have been known for many years in the month of January or in fact any winter month. Sunday, although not quite as warm as Monday, was an ideal spring day. The sun was shining as bright and clear as could be without the semblance of a cold breeze and thermometers in the sun are reported to have registered as high 102. People were sitting on their porches without coats, perfectly comfortable. The temperature in the shade, during the warmest part of the day ranged from 60 to 70 degrees.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Jan. 20, 1906:

Albert Johnson, Alvin E. Lynch, Miss Birtha Pancoast, Miss Daisie Rheese, package.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

Personal Mention.

F. H. Baldwin of Austin had business in town Monday.

Mrs. Fred W. Backus of Olean is visiting relatives in town.

Miss Rachael McCarthy is visiting friends in Mt. Jewett.

Mrs. Leon Martin of Clermont was a visitor in town Tuesday.

W. J. Flaherty of Bradford was calling on friends in town Monday.

Mrs. W. S. Palmer has returned from a visit with Coudersport friends.

Miss Bertha Jackson of Hazelhurst visited friends in town on Sunday.

James Leslie of Muncie, Ind., was the guest of his niece, Mrs. Edward Ames, last week.

Mrs. T. A. Morrison and Mrs. James McGuire are visiting Mrs. J. F. Davis of Bradford.

M. P. Potter and A. N. Crandall of Coudersport were business visitors in town Monday.

R. W. Hilton, H. H. Redfield and B. T. Carlisle returned home from New York City Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Erastus E. Bond of Steubenville, Ohio, spent Thursday and Friday of last week with friends and relatives in Smethport and vicinity.

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

WANTED — Bright, honest young man from Smethport to prepare for paying position in Government Mail Service. Box One, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Get a new fur robe at Lemunier's. He carries a large line that will please you.

Subscribe for the MINER.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Monday, January 29.

THE GREAT MUSICAL COMEDY SUCCESS OF THE NEW YEAR

THE REAL WIDOW BROWN

A MERRY MUSICAL MELANGE IN BRILLIANT SURROUNDINGS

Entirely New
Re-Written
Up-to-Date

PRETTY GIRLS

CLEVER COMEDIANS

AN ARRAY OF GORGEOUS COSTUMES

32 Novel Musical Specialties 32

LIFE COLOR BEAUTY

PRICES

25, 35, 50 and 75c.

Reserved Seats now on sale at Wells' Drug Store.

QUALITY

WHEN YOU WANT THE BEST IN CANNED VEGETABLES WE CAN FURNISH YOU WITH THEM.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

Don't be a Skeptic.

Seeing is believing. You can believe what most people say. H. G. Bynod, of Sunbury, Pa., under date of September 25th, says: "I have been troubled with rheumatism for five months; I have used one 50c bottle of Crocker's Rheumatism Cure and have been benefitted more by it than all other medicine I have ever used." For sale by L. K. Hogarth.

FINAL JANUARY CLEARANCE ... OF WINTER GOODS ...

CLEARANCE is the keystone to almost unbelievable savings at this store.

For the January "price cutter" has left mere fractions of former prices on our dependable winter merchandise. Everything of a wintry nature is priced for a quick, decisive, lively selling.

It's time to make way for spring goods so we are offering exceptionally strong price inducements to lower them.

Here are a few price hints that are wonderful surprises—even from our well known standpoint of extreme lowness of price.

60 Cluett, Monarch and Premium Laundried Bosom Colored Shirts made from the best of materials. These makes you know have a national reputation for excellence. Patterns not all new of course. All sizes now 38c

OUTING NIGHT GOWNS.

A good assortment of ladies' gowns in white and colors.
$1.00 values at 68c
50c values at 38c

WAISTS 1-3 off.

Everything in shirt waists must go now from cotton at 98c to fine silks at 6.75. The new prices are from 60c to $4.50.

SKIRTS 1-3 off.

A small lot of very desirable ready to wear skirts of this season's styles. At these prices you save from 1.00 to 2.50.
$1.85 to $5.00.

150 Shield Bows in assorted colors. To wear with turn down or folded collars. Regular 25c values. Now 13c

FURS

A saving of $1.50 to $6.00 on the newest furs is worth your attention. That's what the present prices mean each
$1.50 to $12.00.

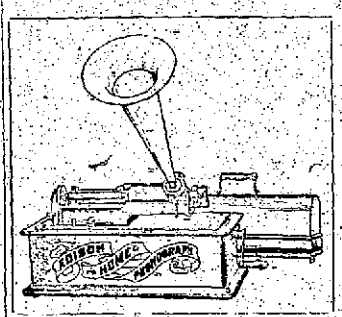
DRESS GOODS

40c Skirtings at 20c
50c Suitings at 38c
75c Suitings at 55c
$1.00 Suitings at 75c
$1.25 Cheviots at 78c

KNIT GOODS

25c Toques and Tams 17c
50c Toques and Tams 35c
25c Shawls and Tams 17c
50c Shawls and Tams 35c

FRY & COMES



IS YOUR HOME WITHOUT MUSIC?

Do you miss the sweet notes of the piano, violin or other musical instrument that you are fond of?

Do you not often regret that you cannot sing or whistle the airs from the latest operas? Are your evenings slow or your guests sometimes hard to entertain? If so you should buy an

EDISON PHONOGRAPH

It supplies every want in the way of music and entertainment you could wish for. The phonograph requires no skill. It plays itself.

We carry a full stock of Edison Phonographs and Edison Gold Moulded Records and will be glad at all times to play them for you or explain the different styles of Phonographs.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

PRILL BRADFORD, PA. PRILL

Watches, Diamonds,
Jewelry, Clocks,
Cut Glass, Silver.
Lowest Prices.

EXPERIENCED WORKMEN

At the bench doing all kinds of Watch, Clock and Jewelry Repairing, Diamond setting and engraving. Satisfaction guaranteed.

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

When Abner Hustled

By C. B. LEWIS

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Abner Hope, twenty-four years old, lived on a farm just out of Melville, with his sister for housekeeper. Adjoining his farm was that of the Widow Williams. She was thirty-five years old, but she moved around with the step of a girl. She had only put off her mourning when Abner fell in love with her.

The widow was looked upon as a catch by more than one, and Abner had to brush aside three widowers, two old bachelors and a young man or two before he stood in the front row.

Abner Hope was what some folks call a poke. He wasn't lazy, but he was easy going. He intended to take the widow under his arm in due time and clear away the line of fences between the two farms, but he didn't see any special hurry about it.

The widow had said that if she ever married again she would insist on a bridal tour lasting at least two weeks, and he had to figure as to the most convenient time for spiriting those two weeks from the farm. He also wanted to study the widow and make sure that she was what she seemed, and it was also a pleasant thing to sit with her on the veranda and talk romance and love. There were many reasons for letting things drag along.

Abner never had popped the question and been answered with a "yes," although it was tacitly understood that there was an engagement. One evening he strolled over in his easy way to find the widow in a snappy frame of mind. She had been doing up preserves that day and burned her hand. Her greeting was not as effusive as usual, but that did not disturb Abner in the least. He sat down and began to talk about the corn crop, and the widow stood it for ten minutes before she snapped out:

"Look here, Abner Hope. Do you know that folks are talking about us?"

"I hadn't heard anything in particular."

"Well, I have. Mrs. Richards told me today that the whole neighborhood was wondering why you came here so often."

"Why—why, I come a-courting, of course. I thought everybody knew that," was the surprised answer.

"And what has come of it?"

"Nothing as yet, but as soon as I can get around to it I'm going to ask you to marry me. I suppose you understand that."

"Mr. Hope," replied the widow as she looked up with flashing eyes, "you needn't waste your breath asking me to marry you."

"Why, Mary, what's come over you all at once?"

"I am Mrs. Williams, if you please, and as I am very busy this evening I hope you will excuse me."

"Do you mean that you are going to marry some one else?" asked Abner after a moment's thought.

"My business is my own, sir."

"Don't be a dodo, Mary."

"How dare you talk to me this way? Sir, I bid you good evening!"

She rose up and entered the house, and after sitting around for half an hour Abner took a slow departure and made his way homeward. As he thought matters over his conscience told him that he was derelict. He should have settled the matter weeks before and been ready to get married as soon as corn husking was over. The result of his deliberations was that he would let a day or two pass to smooth down the widow's temper and then call and ask her to set the day. He realized that he loved her, but he didn't perspire over the thought of losing her.

It so happened that Abner had to go to town on a lawsuit for a couple of days and that he was extra busy with work on the farm, and it was a week before he made his next visit to the widow's.

He found that things had changed. She was entertaining a man about forty years old whom she introduced as Mr. Simpson, and it was plain from Mr. Simpson's attitude that he was much attracted.

Abner was formally introduced as Mr. Hope, and the widow conversed with him as if they had seldom met. Mr. Simpson was engaged in driving wells, putting up wire fencing and erecting windmills, and Abner discovered that he had a rival. Indeed, Mr. Simpson was more than a rival. He was now the man inside.

Abner Hope went home to wake up. There was a feeling in his heart that he had never felt before—that of jealousy. It made him stir himself. Bright and early next morning he went over to the next farm to borrow a hoe and incidentally to ask the widow to set the day, but she was not to be seen.

He called three times that week, but had no luck. Then he lay in wait to pound Mr. Simpson. Fortunately for the drive well man, he carried a gun, and when he exhibited it Abner backed off like a sensible man. Within two weeks it was reported that Mrs. Williams and Mr. Simpson would make a match of it and that the engagement would be brief. Abner Hope thought fast and moved fast. He was determined not to give the widow up, but under existing circumstances was helpless in the matter, when accident furnished him a weapon.

There was to be a circus in town, eight miles away. Mr. Simpson had invited the widow, and they were to drive in a livery rig. Mr. Simpson boarded at the village tavern. On the morning of the circus there was a row in the place when he woke up. Some one had entered his room in the night from the open veranda window and had robbed him. It took him fifteen minutes to explain what he had been robbed of, and then only after he had resorted to pencil and paper. He raved and gesticulated and jabbered strange words. He was sure there could be no mistake as to his having been robbed. He wanted the sheriff and all his constables put on the trail at once, and he ordered hush and milk for breakfast and ate it without appetite. After breakfast he wrote two or three notes to the widow, but tore them all up and finally set out for her house. People who had seen him every day for weeks did not know him.

Mr. Simpson and the widow were to start for the circus at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. At that hour he drove up to her house and descended. She was not quite ready, and asked him to wait a few minutes. He smiled and bowed and answered in the Choctaw dialect.

"Why, Mr. Simpson, what on earth ails you?" she asked as she looked him over.

Smiles and bows and more Choctaw. "You—your cheeks have all fallen in; you jumble your words; you don't look at all like yourself. What has happened?"

"I've been robbed," he replied through the medium of paper and pencil.

"Good lands! But what of?"

"My teeth. Both plates are gone. Some one entered my room last night."

"Did I ever! And you expect to go to the circus and entertain me without a tooth in your head. I'll not go." And so evident was her determination that Mr. Simpson abandoned further effort to persuade her and drove off.

At that juncture Abner Hope drove up. A minute after hitching his horse he was on the veranda beside the widow.

"Mary," he began, "I have come to take you to the circus."

"I—I expected to go with Mr. Simpson."

"I wanted to have a long talk with you."

"But you the same as called me a dodo."

"I know, but neither of us knows what a dodo is."

They drove away together, and when they had made a distance of two miles and were crossing a swamp Abner took something from his coat pocket and gave the packet a fling among the grass and water.

"What is it?" asked the widow.

"Shall we be married Thanksgiving day?" he asked as he dodged her question by hitting at a horse fly with the lash.

And the sheriff found no clew.

A Matter of Pronunciation.

Is it too late to make a stand against the mispronunciation of the word frieze as applied to Irish tweed? On the other side of St. George's channel they know better than to confuse their wall decoration with their dress material and pronounce the one "freeze" and the other "frize." So did we in old English. Originally meaning the curling nap on cloth—from the French "friser," to curl; Welsh, "friis," nap of cloth—frize, as it was then spelled and pronounced, came to mean cloth that had a nap on one side and is now applied to any rough kind of homespun. We can be sure of the old pronunciation from the motto worn by Brandon, duke of Suffolk, when, on his marriage with Henry VIII.'s sister, he appeared at a tournament on a horse draped half in "frieze" and half in cloth of gold:

Cloth of gold, do not thou despise,
Though thou be matched with cloth of frize;
Cloth of frize, be not thou too bold,
Though thou be matched with cloth of gold.

—London Chronicle.

Early European Postal Events.

March 1, 1500 (O. S.), Francis de Taxis appointed "capitaine et maistre de nos postes" by Philip, regent of the Netherlands, at Ghent. It is a matter of record that the Taxis posts carried English mails from Calais to Vienna and Rome before 1500.

Jan. 18, 1504 (O. S.), Francis de Taxis instructed to establish regular posts between Brussels and the capitals of Germany, France and Spain, with pay at 12,000 livres per annum.

In 1507 England had a "magister postarum," appointed by Henry VII. Possibly it was Sir Brian Tuke, who served until 1545.

Nov. 12, 1516, Charles V. concluded a contract with Francis and Baptist de Taxis requiring them, for 17,000 gold ducats, to maintain posts between Brussels, the capitals of Germany, France and Spain and Naples. Every postoffice was to have two horses. The Brussels-Paris route was to be covered in thirty-six hours, Brussels-Bregos in seven days and Brussels-Naples in fourteen days.

Abdul's Way.

Abdul Hamid insists upon it that every ruler or other political personage should die a natural death. Other manners of death are not "recognized" officially in Turkey. When King Humbert was assassinated at Monza the Turkish newspapers announced this sad event in the following form: "King Humbert left the hall amid the fraudle cheers of the people. The king, much affected, bowed several times and to all appearance was immediately dead." When the late shah of Persia was assassinated the Turkish papers said: "In the afternoon the shah drove to his summer palace and there complained of illness. His corpse was sent to Teheran." One paper, however, exceeded all others in "simplifying" the piece of news by publishing this absurdity: "The shah felt a little ill, but finally his corpse returned to the palace." This phrase was too much even for the Turks, who have retained it to this day as one of their proverbs.—Dundee Advertiser.

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS 25 CTS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

EMIL THAMM
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

PUNS AND PUNSTERS

A DEFINITION OF THE FORMER AND EXAMPLES OF THE LATTER.

Some Specimens of the Better Class of What Is Called the "Lowest Form of Wit"—A Brilliant Coterie of British Punsters.

Is the pun a legitimate form of wit? Some people think not, and Dr. Johnson said that a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. But the fact is that the general objection to puns is because of their frequent lack of wit—that is to say, it is directed to bad puns. We do not want to discuss bad puns or even to hear them. The point is, whether good puns are admissible as legitimate and commendable expressions of humor. It is of no use to say, like Sydney Smith, that puns ought to be in bad repute, and although one finds an incorrigible punster often, it is true an incorrigible bore—in every little circlet of social life, one does not find the race of pickpockets to be increasing alarmingly in numbers.

It is probable that there are a few even in these days of culture capable of appreciating the profound witticism which De Quincey discovered in the jests for which poor Elias Lamb was put to death by Domitian.

If we want to argue the legitimacy of puns we are obliged to fall back on the old discussion as to the difference between wit and humor. The definitions are legional, of course, but not one of them is wholly satisfactory. "Knowledge comes and wisdom lingers," Tennyson says, and perhaps we might found upon this a parody, with some approach to truth—that wit sparkles and humor permeates. But there is little profit to be got in analysis of this kind. What is funny isn't necessarily witty, but what is funny must have in it or suggested by it some of the essence of humor. Thus Charles Lamb was not so far wrong when he said that the most farfetched and startling puns are the best.

The familiar inquiry, "Is it true that the first apple was eaten by the first pair?" is farfetched, but one cannot deny the humor of it. Again, in the conundrum, "Why is blind man's buff like sympathy?" "Because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature," there is a direct application which is also unquestionably humorous. Then, as another example of a pun which is absurdly apparent, there was Douglas Jerrold's remark about a man to whom he had repeatedly written in vain for some money.

"I have written him," said Jerrold to an acquaintance, "but got nothing."

"Strange," said the other, "for he is a man full of kindness."

"Yes," rejoined Jerrold, "unremitting kindness."

A pun which requires explanation in brackets is indeed simply intolerable. The Oxford scholar who, meeting a porter carrying a hare through the streets, asked, "Prithee, friend, is that thy own hare or a wig?" required no commentator. Nor did Tom Hood, who, when all is said and done, remains the prince of British punsters. He puns as naturally as he laughs. A babe can see the point of his jokes and the crustiest dry as dust cannot resist them.

Theodore Hook is thought by many to be equal to Hood as a punster, but Hook was labored and slow in comparison. There is an impromptu air about Hood's puns which is incomparable and an unexpectedness even when you are looking for them that is delicious. Frederick Locker once or twice seemed to have Hood's unconscious ease, as thus:

He cannot be complete in aught
Who is not humorously prone;
A man without a merry thought
Can hardly have a funny bone.

John Hill Burton relates a legal joke which to the legal mind has all the charm of a pun. One day a bailiff, serving a writ, had been compelled by the defendant to swallow the document. In a state of great agitation and anger the officer rushed into the court, over which Lord Norbury was presiding, to complain of the indignity. He was met by the expression of his lordship's hope that the writ was "not returnable in this court."

Bret Harte, by the way, was not usually regarded as a professional wit, and yet among the good things which cling to one's memory is the couplet in the "Heathen Chinee":

Concealed in his nails, which were taper,
What is common in papers—that's wax.

Somebody has written a parody in which a candidate for examination even beats the record of the Mongolian:

Concealed in his palms, which were sun-tanned,
What is common in palms—and that's dates.

Speaking of palms recalls the famous pun of the bishop of Oxford, who when asked by a lady why he was always said Sally Saint replied, "Because on that I am always getting into hot water and always coming out with clean hands."

Perhaps it may be said that some of these examples are not true puns. But a pun is not necessarily a twisting of spelling and a confusion of syllables, as the writers of burlesque and comic papers seem to think. It is play upon words and to be really entitled to be considered witty should play both upon the sound and the sense, if possible.—London Tit-Bits.

The Home.

The home is the cornerstone and bulwark of the state, and everything which tends to keep alive and renew its influence and associations should be cherished and encouraged.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

PARISH REGISTERS.

The Sort of Entry Formerly Kept in the Old Parish Register.

A vicar, John Bell of Worle, is accused in 1583 of having got so drunk at a Taverne in London, being the howse and signe of the Swann in old Fysh Streete, that he had to be "carled to his lodginge, or some other convenient place, (he) being so dronck, not able hym-selfe to goe"—that is, walk. He is also charged with being "a common player at Bowles in the churchyard of Worle (his own parish) and a common haunter of Tavernes, Alehouses, Bearbeatinge (baiting) and Bull beatinge, yea, upon the Sabboath dales, and an usual player at Tables (backgammon) & Cardes in the alehouses and Tavernes."

On Sept. 25, 1621, John Brock of Dunkery is presented.

"For usuallie playing of the lues and cuggills in the churchyard theare on Sabboath dales and holie dales, as unmeete lee, with others, did see upon St. Marke's dale past, and being reproved by the churchwarden for the same, hee gaue him a froward answer, saythge, 'wee are in exercise to doe the kings service, & you will not suffer us, but the whilles you cutt your neighbors throats.'

"That on Soundale, 1 Julii, & on Soundale 24 Junii ult., hee, Arthur Payton and Edward Ward, *tayler*, did dunice in the churchyard thereof," and Richard Hulford "played upon his instrument to those that usualie dunce in the churchyard theare."—London Academy.

THE BIRD OF DEATH.

It Is the Only Venomous Member of the Feathered Tribe.

Among all the thousands of feathered creatures classified by the trained ornithologists but one, the rpir n'doob, or "bird of death," is known to be venomous. This queer and deadly species of the winged and feathered tribe is a native of the island of Papua, or New Guinea. The bird is described as being about the size of a common tame pigeon of gray plumage and a tail of extraordinary length, ending in a tip of brilliant scarlet red. It is a marsh bird and is found to inhabit only the immense stagnant pools adjoining the lakes of the interior of the island. The rpir has a hooked beak as sharp as a cock's spur and hollow. The venom with which it inoculates is distilled in a set of organs which nature has provided for that purpose and which lie in the upper mandible, just below the openings of the nostrils. Under this poison secreting laboratory in the roof of the mouth is a small fleshy knob. When the bird sets its beak in the flesh of a victim this knob receives a pressure which liberates the venom and inoculates the wound. No man, native or otherwise, was ever known to recover from a bite inflicted by a rpir n'doob. The suffering in such cases is said to be much more agonizing than in cases of rattlesnake and Gila monster bites.

A Persistent Nest Builder.

One of the most energetic nest builders is the marsh wren. In fact, he has the habit to such a degree that he cannot stop with one nest, but goes on building four or five in rapid succession. And there is nothing slovenly about his work either. Look among the cattails in the nearest marsh, even within the limits of a great city, and you will find his little woven balls of reed stems, with a tiny round hole in one side. There is a certain method even in his madness, for the nest in which his wife is brooding her seven or eight eggs is less likely to be found when there are so many empty ones around. Then, too, he uses the others as roosting places for himself.—London Opinion.

Vinegar.

Vinegar is fatal to many kinds of bacteria. We read that during the great plague in London a couple earned fabulous sums in nursing the wealthy and that their own means of defense was swathing the lower part of the face with cloths dipped in strong vinegar. Some one says, "My grandmother used a gargle of salt and pepper with vinegar for all us children, and she didn't have to go to a sanitary club to learn it." True, no doubt, a timely though utterly empirical use of that panacea has saved many lives.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"Carat" as Applied to Diamonds.

Although the term "carat" is applied to diamonds as well as to gold, it does not mean the same thing. Used with regard to the metal it expresses quality or fineness, 24 carat being pure gold and 22 carat equal to coined gold. But applied to the diamond carat means actual weight, and by this measure 115½ carats are equal to an ounce troy. The value of a diamond is not merely so much per carat, irrespective of size, but increases in an increasing ratio with the weight of the stone.

Ceremony.

I think there is a great deal of difference between that species of ceremony which exists with acquaintance and that which should always exist with the best of friends—the one prevents the growth of affection, the other preserves it in youth and age.—Letters of Maria Edgeworth.

Belief.

Figg—You'll generally find that people believe what they want to believe, Fogg—Yes, and probably that accounts for the belief in everlasting punishment—for other people, of course—being so popular.

Were we eloquent as angels, yet we should please some people more by listening than by talking.—Colton.

Novelty Restaurant
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

W. S. Dobson, R. A., It Is Claimed, Was Their Originator.

Until now those people who took an interest in the matter would have credited either the late Sir Henry Cole or J. C. Horsley, R. A., with the production of the first Christmas card, and they would have put the date down as 1846. A new claimant is now put forward—the late W. S. Dobson, R. A., and his claim is supported with circumstantial evidence.

The card of the Christmas card is put back by 57 years to 1849. Mr. Dobson was a young man, who endeavored to show his appreciation of the kindness of a friend by sending him a picture illustrative of the festive season at a convivial family group supposed by the familiar Christmas scene.

The picture found ready purchasers, and the following year Mr. Dobson produced a companion picture, and for a few years after that he continued to produce a picture each year, but after a time the sale of the cards began to fall off, and the artist gave up the idea. Some years later Mr. Dobson was in business as a lithographic printer, and it occurred to him that he might revive the sale of his Christmas cards. But the ambitious Christmas cards of today are a long remove from the primitive Father Christmases and Robin Redbreasts of sixty years ago.—London Chronicle.

Alone at Christmas.

If in this age of organizations innumerable there is room for one more, it is for an organization which would bring together, especially on Christmas, those who are alone in the world, particularly women, says the Ladies' Home Journal. Many of us who have our kin closest to us on Christmas day do not stop to realize what our feelings would be if they were not with us. It is so hard to imagine ourselves in a position other than the one we are in. We remember some poor family at Christmas, but at least it is a family. It is together. The one is company for the other even in poverty. We remember the sick, and God blesses those who do. Would that some of us might cast a look around and give a thought to those who are not sick, who are not perhaps poor as the world judges, yet who are alone—some girl, perhaps, alone, some woman alone, some young man, some old man, alone. Alone at Christmas!

Stingy.

"Mr. Linger owes me a great deal of time with you, Molly," said Miss Richards to Miss Fowles.

"Yes, but that's all he does spend."

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. B. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chorey, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. G. Hills, Kane; J. V. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Eggleston, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. J. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Hayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lenn Hyde, secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Mrs. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Greason.
Constables—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. G. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Gorton, sec'y; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—E. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Cline, A. H. Fuller.
Judge of Election—G. H. Boyle.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

HOB GEO. H. REDFIELD, W. M.
A. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 188, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
F. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 11, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; the Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 2:30 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport.—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 1:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Woman's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD
Time Table—Taking effect Jan. 1, 1905
TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:30 a. m. week days.
For Lantz's, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 4:39 p. m. week days.
W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD, General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.
Time Table in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.
Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:30 a. m., 12:00 a. m. and 5:15 p. m.

Arrive	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	9:20		6:45
Mt. Jewett	8:45	1:35	6:15
Kane	9:25	2:35	6:55
Leave	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	7:00		4:35
Kane	7:40	10:15	5:00
Mt. Jewett	7:54	12:20	5:00
			a. m.

Arriving at Smethport at 8:20 a. m., 1:05 p. m. and 6:10 p. m.
Connections at Bradford with Erie, B., R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.
A. B. CAMPBELL, General Supt. R. S. BELL, Gen. Pass. Agt. Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern
Effective Nov. 20, 1905
MAIN LINE.

P.M	P.M	A.M.		A.M	P.M.	A.M
6:25	8:45	Hornellsville	Ar.	10:30	5:50	
6:30	8:30	Arkport		9:25	5:48	
		Burns				
6:47	8:06	Hornellsville Jc		9:14	5:37	
6:51	8:42	Canerseraga		9:07	5:30	
6:56	8:48	Garwoods		9:02	5:25	
7:03	8:56	Swains		8:55	5:18	
7:28	9:17	Birdsall		8:29	4:55	
7:50	9:39	Angelica		8:05	4:33	
8:25	10:12	Friendship		7:37	4:05	
8:50	10:35	Bolivar	Lv.	7:05	3:29	
5:40	11:30	Olean			2:32	10:25
6:27		Eldred				9:38
6:50		Larabee				9:28
7:18		Smethport				9:10
8:09		Mt. Jewett				8:10
8:50	1.7:30	St. Marys			1.4:50	1.6:20
	10:05	Shawmut			2:31	
	4.10:45	Frockwayville			4.1:36	
P.M	P.M	A.M.			A.M	P.M

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch.

P.M	A.M	A.M.		A.M	P.M	P.M
3:30	11:00	7:30	Wayland	A10:35	3:05	6:58
3:30	11:06	7:25	Perkinsville	10:29	2:59	6:52
3:33	11:13	7:32	Rogersville	10:22	2:52	6:45
3:47	11:17	7:36	Stony Brook Glen	10:18	2:48	6:41
4:00	11:30	7:49	Hornellsville Jc	10:06	2:35	6:29
			Burns			
4:11	11:41	7:50	Arkport	9:54	2:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:04	Hornellsville	9:41	2:10	6:04
P.M	A.M	A.M.		A.M	P.M	P.M

All trains daily, except Sunday.
L—leave; A—arrive; f—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.
A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY
Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 28, 1904.

Ar. Eastward			STATIONS.	Lv Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar.	Dr	A.M.	P.M.	A.M
8.05	7.55	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.51	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.10
7.46	7	1.57	Carpenter	7	2.34	p.
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.05
7.32	6.45	1.50	New'd June	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.40	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.7
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.2
6.45	6.21	1.26	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.00	10.6
6.40	6.17	1.20	Cushetag	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.02	1.12	Prinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Couds'port	0	3.25	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport			P.M
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
1.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
1.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.35
1.43	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
1.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	0.51
1.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
1.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
1.20	0	0	Chem. Works	0	0	0
1.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.
Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.
Trains run on eastern standard time.
B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE
NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.
Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.
The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and is full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a-Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.
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The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

RED ROSES

By FRANK S. HARRIS

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Harrington dropped into a chair by the open window, threw his feet into another chair and lit a cigar impatiently. He had come to the village for its isolation, had chosen this particular house for its embowering roses, and now after only seven days the astonishing house was to have a boarder too.

He pushed aside the clustering vines and looked out. The entire end of the house was covered with clambering roses, there were patches and pyramids and trailing sprays of them in the yard, and what had once been a tottering, time broken picket fence between the two houses was now a bank of red roses. Harrington's eyes softened appreciatively. It was a charming spot after the season at that Maine coast resort, with its buffeting of wind and waves and after the—

His face again grew hard, and unconsciously his hand rose to the curtain above his head, but it only encountered the cheap lace, and he looked up quickly. A step sounded at the door, and his landlady's little daughter came in to tidy the room.

"Where is the—er—bit of ribbon that hung here, Janie?" he asked.

The child came forward quickly.

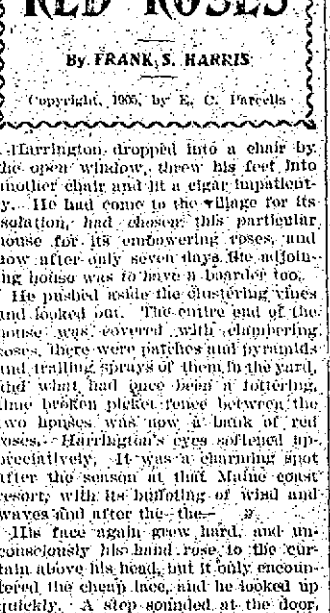
"Why, it was right here on the curtain when I brought up the lamp last night," she answered. "I looked at it and thought what a pretty neck ribbon it would make. And 'twas all silk. Maybe you didn't have it pinned on good and the wind blew it out. Shall I go down in the yard and look?"

"No; I was just going down myself." And he rose and stepped toward the door.

"Was it valuable?" Janie asked, with much concern in her voice.

"Yes, very—or, no, not in that way. But it was a keepsake, you know."

"Did your sweetheart give it to you?" the child went on, adding quick-



A TAPERING WHITE HAND ROSE TOWARD THE NEST.

ly, "I thought maybe she did, because the second day you were here, when it rained and you got so lonesome, you pinned it on the curtain, and you've kept it there and looked at it kind of hungry, like sweethearts do, ever since."

Harrington had turned red. Now he laughed constrainedly.

"No; I haven't any sweetheart, Janie. It—it's only just a bit of ribbon. You see"—desperately, as her eyes still questioned him—"I was up on the Maine coast last season, and there was a girl—just an acquaintance, you know—and we went boating together and played golf and things. The ribbon must have got among my traps some way. When I was unpacking that rainy day I happened to run across it and pinned it on the curtain. You see, it matches the roses so nicely."

"And you love her, and she loves you," Janie said rapturously, "and that ribbon's the token. I—I'd just like to see her! Where is she now, and what's her name?"

"I don't know where she is"—grufly—"in Europe, I suspect, though. She spoke about going there last year. And her name is Margaret. I came out here for the quiet and the trout fishing and the roses. I like roses. But you are wholly mistaken about my—her loving me."

"And it'll come out all right in the end and be happy," Janie continued joyously and ignoring him. "It's just too lovely for anything! And the ribbon will be the—the link. Was her piece just like yours?"

"Why, I—I"—helplessly. "What do you mean?"

"Her piece of ribbon," impatiently. "What is the use to act so ign'rant. The ribbon was wrinkled, like it had been dropped in water and then dried in somebody's pocket, and one end was ragged and sawed off. That's where 'twas cut. Anybody could see it wasn't snipped off with scissors. Was her piece long as yours?"

"I—I supose so. Now you speak of it, I do remember the ribbon dropped into the water while we were out boating, and I fished it out, but, and"—

"Chopped it in two with your knife," triumphantly.

"Y-yes."

"And you put yours next your heart, and Margaret pretended to hold hers carelessly in her hand, then slipped it away, and"—

But Harrington had dodged from the room, and she could hear him going down the stairs two or three at a time.

At the corner of the house he glanced up apprehensively toward his window, but Janie was not there. He could hear her broom already vigorously at work and her voice humming joyous little snatches of song. A few moments of apprehensive scrutiny and then he stole forward and searched the grass under his window, but the ribbon was not there, nor clinging to the vines above.

The next house was almost concealed by the foliage of apple trees. One of these dropped low branches over the rose draped fence, forming an effectual shade and screen. It was Harrington's favorite place to read, and he went there now.

But he was in no mood for reading, and the magazine lay with open pages on his knees, while his gaze went thoughtfully into the foliage above. A few moments and then he started suddenly and rose to his feet. Directly over the rose hedge was a pendent vireo's nest. He had seen it several times before, but now on one side was a bright spot which a closer examination disclosed as his ribbon, deftly woven into the straw and moss. The mother vireo was the thief.

"Oh, what a pretty nest!" came in a clear, familiar voice from the other side of the hedge. "And look at that piece of ribbon! Isn't it cute? It's almost like—" A tapering white hand rose toward the nest, and Harrington dropped back upon the grass. "Why," a trace of wondering incredulity in the voice, "it seems exactly like—I must go in and get mine and see."

The hand disappeared, and Harrington could hear light footsteps hurrying away. A few moments later they returned, and the hand rose again toward the low nest, this time holding a piece of ribbon, which was held beside the other, with the ragged ends together.

"It is—it is the ribbon!" a tremulous voice gasped.

"Margaret!" Harrington called softly as he rose from the grass.

There were a few seconds of silence, then—

"Oh, Tom—Mr. Harrington, I mean—I—I don't understand. Won't you come over here and explain?"

An Old Time Fire Department.

In the eighteenth century, when English cities had no systematic arrangements for putting out fires, the city of Lisbon boasted of a fire department which was the admiration of travelers. The water which the people of Lisbon used was brought and sold to them by watermen, who carried it on their backs in barrels. These watermen were divided into wards, each member of whom took command of the rest in rotation.

Every man was obliged by the city ordinances to carry his barrel home full of water every night, and in case of fire the waterman who had command went around hailing out of bed all his fellows, who then picked up their water barrels and ran to the fire.

This sort of a fire department would now be regarded as extremely slow, but the Lisbon houses were all built of stone or brick and burned so slowly, if they took fire at all, that the barrel brigade really had time to assemble before much harm had been done.

An English sailor who happened to see a fire in Lisbon was disgusted at the very slow progress that the conflagration made.

"A fig for such a fire!" he exclaimed. "There's no spirit in this country. Why, in England we should have had a dozen houses burned down by this time!"

Hang or Marry.

In the feudal days of Scotland, when noblemen thought it no disgrace to steal their neighbors' cattle, a baron protected his vassals from the aristocratic cattle lifter by hanging outright those taken red handed without waiting for the slow process of the law. When Sir William Scott was a young border laird he made one night a foray on Sir Gideon Murray's lands. While driving off a herd of cattle he was caught and, being brought before Sir Gideon, ordered to be hanged. Hanging a cattle thief was such an everyday affair that Sir Gideon went about his ordinary business. But his wife, hearing that a handsome youth of a good family was to be executed, sought her husband and indignantly exclaimed:

"Hoot, Gideon, what do I hear? You tak' the life of the winsome young Laird of Harden wi' three ill faured lasses in the house o' yer ain to marry?"

"You're richt, Maggie, my dear," replied the baron, grasping the situation. "Willie shall tak' our muckle mou'd Meg, or else he'll stretch for it."

The hopeless prisoner consented and, much to his father's surprise, returned home with a bride from the neighbor's house he had ridden out to harry.

Worsted His Sarcasm.

The New York man had business which detained him a few days in a small town, and, finding himself in need of new insoles, he sought the rural shop.

"I wish to buy a pair of insoles for No. 8 double A shoes," he said to the clerk and flattered himself that he had stated his needs succinctly.

The clerk contemplated him with the mild gaze of the provincial and asked:

"Do you wish to wear them in your shoes?"

"No," said the New York man, with guarded thoughtfulness; "I was thinking of having filet of sole for my luncheon." And when he left the shop the clerk was still batting his eyes.—New York Press.

JACQUES BONHOMME.

His Remarkable Experience With Satan and His Imps.

One of the most curious and unaccountable of the mediæval French legends is that of Jacques Bonhomme and his remarkable experience with Satan and his imps. According to the story, Bonhomme was the only poor man in the community where he lived, and in order to put himself on a financial footing which would give him a social standing among his neighbors he sold himself to the devil. Before the devil came to close the bargain and take poor Jacques to the realm of fire and brimstone Jesus and Peter wandered that way in disguise. Jacques entertained the visitors in royal style, seating Jesus in his best chair and plucking all the ripe cherries on his single tree to help make out a frugal dinner for the wayfarers. Peter continually urged Jacques to seek salvation, otherwise—to which the hardened Frenchman paid but little attention.

When the strangers were ready to pursue their journey Jesus frankly told his host that he had no money to pay for the dinner, but that he would grant three wishes. Jacques, who had for some days been heartily sick of his bargain with Satan, asked that whoever should afterward sit in the chair where Jesus had sat might not be able to arise therefrom until he (Jacques) should so will. The second wish was to the effect that whoever might climb his single cherry tree might remain there until requested to come down. The third wish was that whosoever or whatsoever should enter his purse might not leave against the will of the owner.

When Satan came to claim Jacques he was given the chair in which Jesus had sat and was, of course, held as fast by the "spell" as though he had been caught in a mammoth steel trap. When the imps came they were enticed to climb the cherry tree and immediately they, too, were prisoners of the wily Jacques. Finally Lucifer, Beelzebub and all the minor officers of hell came to look after their chief and the imps, Jacques with purse in hand, met them at the door and persuaded one after another to climb into his cavernous depths in search of gold. He then closed the purse and in full view of the helpless imps threw the tree into the fire. Jacques let it lay on the stone threshold. Even when the several officers of the infernal regions were dartered out of all recognition as imperial heads of departments Satan called from the fire to bring Jacques to desist and promised a release from his obligations. Even this assurance failed to release the whole infernal tribe, and since that time they have all been assigned to duty on earth as they formerly did to the nether.

Executing Political Rivals.

In the reign of Charles II. the names of "Whig" and "Tory" were used for the two parties which we now call "Liberal" and "Conservative."

So strong was the hostility between the parties that when the king summoned his third parliament (1681) he was afraid for it to meet in London, which was very Whiggish, and he convened it at Oxford, where Toryism was strong. The Whig members, alarmed at this, rode into Oxford armed with pistols.

In the reaction which followed this display of force prominent Whigs were prosecuted on the evidence of perjured informers, and many of them suffered death. The Earl of Shaftesbury, the Whig leader, was accused of high treason, but was acquitted. In fact, no Tory juries would convict a Tory, and where the Whigs predominated no jury would convict a Whig. At last things reached such a climax that leading Whigs, in despair, formed a plan to compel the king to summon a free parliament, but they were accused of high treason, and some of their leaders were executed.—London Saturday Review.

Temperature of the Human Body.

It is remarkable what slight variation there is in the temperature of the healthy human body. The normal temperature is 98.6, and it is a fraction less than this one or two hours after midnight, while the maximum temperature occurs from one to two hours after the noon hour. The ingestion of food, fasting, exercise, all are factors in slightly varying the temperature. The great peculiarity about the temperature of man is its evenness under all conditions. Heat or cold causes but slight variation, and in man less than in any other animal. In extremes that would be fatal to many animals man can endure and enjoy good health under those circumstances. We read of arctic voyagers enduring a temperature ranging from 80 degrees to 90 degrees and even 102 degrees below zero, while on the other hand, in the tropics, during the greater part of the year, the temperature ranges from 100 degrees to 110 degrees above, and yet men enjoy health in such varying temperatures.

Ancient Salt Currency.

In various countries anciently and in some eastern ones down to the present time salt has been recognized as a medium of exchange. Cosmas speaks of a salt currency as being in use in the heart of Africa in the sixth century. Marco Polo in his work "Concerning the Kingdoms and Marvels of the East," written in the thirteenth century, tells us the Tibetans had none of the great Khan's paper money, but used salt instead. Their small change was made thus: They had salt, which they boiled and set in a mold flat below and round above, and every piece from the mold weighed half a pound. On these molds the prince's mark was set, and none but the royal officers specially appointed was permitted to make it. Eighty of these molds were reckoned to be equal to a "saggio of fine gold."

As In the Long Ago

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

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Grown weary of his reading, Kent Harding glanced across the deck. There a slender, girlish figure leaning idly over the rails caught his attention. Although the veil of her yachting cap was down and it was possible to distinguish only the vague outline of her profile, something in the graceful poise of her head, in the tip of the shell-like ear and in the lustrous brown hair that gleamed in the red shine of the setting sun suggested dimly that of a girl whom he had known in the long ago.

"By Jove! I wonder if it could be," he speculated, looking at her sharply and blinking through the smoke from his pipe.

Just then she raised her veil and turned. Harding saw that she was, in fact, the self same girl. She knew him instantly as he came forward, and they shook hands heartily, as became old friends.

"Of course, when we get back to New York, you'll come and see me," continued Vittoria after they had talked of many things. "You know, when brother married, I issued my declaration of independence. It's a dear little box of a house in Greenwich village. All alone? Why, to be sure. That's the principle upon which I made my stand—a woman against the world." She smiled as she spoke, and her teeth glistened prettily in two little rows.

"Sounds more terrifying than it really is," she went on without giving him a chance to throw in, "for the bachelor maid has only to acknowledge to thirty and the world tosses up the sponge at once. It doesn't care to continue a fight after it ceased to be interesting."

But Harding had put his beloved pipe in one corner of his mouth and was going through an elaborate pantomime of counting on his fingers. "Nine and twenty," he corrected.

Vittoria colored slightly and stamped impatiently on the arm of her steamer chair. "What an appalling memory," said she.

Whereupon they both laughed, and a little silence fell.

"Nine years," observed Harding suddenly. He had been stretched out lazily in his chair, his hands beneath his curly head, his gray eyes staring straight into the glory of the western heavens. "It's a good slice, isn't it, if one hasn't accomplished—"

In the midst of his sentence he saw Vittoria nod to some one. Following the direction of her eyes, he perceived a tall, blond girl, smartly gowned and of rather haughty demeanor, walking briskly toward them. A maid followed more slowly with a steamer rug and an armful of wraps.

"Ah, it's Marion," he exclaimed half to himself. And to Vittoria, "Do you know her?"

"Our acquaintance is only a bowing one," volunteered Vittoria coldly. "I met her last month in Switzerland."

"Hello, Kent!" cried Miss Marion Lane carelessly, as he rose to greet her. From beneath her inky lashes she glanced at Vittoria indifferently and nodded slightly again. "You can join mother and me when you like—no hurry," she murmured amiably as she swept on down the deck, where her maid deposited her rug and wraps beside an alert looking little widow in black.

"I'm engaged to Miss Lane," Harding said oddly at length. "At least, I've asked her to marry me."

"You"— began Vittoria incredulously. Then a change took place in her feminine mind. "And her answer?" she said simply.

"She's considering it. In the meantime, of course, it's a secret."

"Of course."

"I love her," said he, a bit shamefacedly. "It must seem strange that I—to say this—to you"— he stammered.

"No, I think I understand," she said quietly. And then she listened with incredible patience to his foolish rhapsodies. There never was such an adorable creature as Marion—such wealth of tenderness and undiscovered charm.

Shortly afterward Harding took his leave. The twilight was fast coming on, and Vittoria sat for a long time leaning over the rail again. She was looking into the long ago.

Now there was once a girl, and she was barely seventeen—oh, sentimental, to be sure! And he was a nice boy home from college on his senior vacation. She had cared for him, for he was a nice boy and had such manly, honest gray eyes. And then one summer day as they had stood alone in the old fashioned garden he had kissed her. Ah, how unforgettably vivid was the background—the gold of the sunflowers and the crimson of the hollyhocks!

And the next day they had walked over to the village, where he got her a foolish little ring set with blue stones, "because blue means true love," said he. Just a boy and girl affair. And the next week the boy had been whisked off on a continental tour and had contemplated the University Settlement. Finally, however, he had consented, with parental misgivings, to go in strenuously for football.

Football is a specific for lovesickness! Vittoria laughed softly at the remembrance. But it had cured him. When three years later they had met, again she saw that the episode with the sunflower and hollyhock background was already too remote to occasion even momentary embarrassment. The knowledge that he'd forgotten had hurt a little. Yes, if one must be honest, nine years ago it really had hurt a good deal!

That night in the darkness of her stateroom Vittoria drew out that foolish little ring from its secret hiding place and cried a bit over it. She would go very far removed from the girl of nine years ago.

One week later, gone by and Kent Harding was still waiting for his answer from the unfathomable Miss Lane. In the meantime Vittoria's little "box of a home" in Greenwich village had seen a good deal of him, for Vittoria had proved herself such a staunch and sincere little friend that he had elected to make her the confidant of his passion for another woman. Five weeks, and then gradually she had perceived a curious silence on Harding's part—a constant inclination, when Miss Lane was alluded to, to change the topic of conversation.

One night Vittoria had given a small dinner party. Harding, being privileged for the sake of old times, had outstayed the other guests. He seemed a bit disgruntled, and it was a long time before he could get his cigar to draw properly. The silence somehow to Vittoria took on a terrifying tension. She strove for some light thing to say. Suddenly Harding looked up from his cigar.

"Vittoria!" he said and put out his hand and touched hers.

"She was gorgeous tonight, gorgeous," observed Vittoria meditatively. "Who? Why, Marion Lane, stupid!"

Harding gazed at her bewilderedly for a second. "Why, yes; I dare say she was," he admitted.

A day or two later Vittoria was reading a newspaper. Her hand trembled slightly as she laid it down. Then, her dimpled chin in her palm, gazing into the firelight, she passed mentally through a panorama of events.

A maid had entered so quietly that she only knew of his presence when he came and bent over her chair. Like a child caught in wrongdoing, her first thought was to rid herself of incriminating evidence. In an instant she was on her feet trying to hide the newspaper which announced Miss Lane's engagement to an army officer.

"I have seen it," announced Harding quietly, "and I still live, you see."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, stepping back with a little start. In a few moments she excused herself to give some orders to her maid. When she returned Harding met her with a solemn but lighted face.

"It wasn't only Marion Lane who found out something in the time we've been waiting," said he. "I've found out something too."

"Don't!" she cried appealingly, and she put up her hand as if to close him out of her sight.

"I found out that it was you I wanted, not Marion or any one else, but you—you as in the long ago. You haven't forgotten, have you, sweetheart?"

The sunflowers and the hollyhocks in the background were all gold and crimson. Then the mist cleared as, reverently, he took her hand and drew it from her eyes.

"No, I haven't forgotten," said she simply. And by her tear wet lashes he knew that it was so.

Queer Weddings.

"It is hard to look over my record of marriage services without continuous merriment," wrote the Rev. John Henry Barrows, president of Oberlin college. In a memoir of her father's life Miss Barrows gives some of his experiences in his own words.

"I recall the marriage where the awkward father of the bride, who was himself nearly seven feet tall, tried to kneel when his daughter knelt and who required help after the benediction to bring him to his feet again.

"I remember the loving groom who had come to my house to be wed and who, after the ceremony, tenderly remarked:

"'Jennie has no friends here, doctor, I should be so glad if you would kiss her.'

"I think of the young man in church who walked with five other young men up one aisle, while the bride and five other young ladies walked up the other aisle, the two forming a straight military line, before the altar, and who, when I whisperingly asked him his first name, replied in loud tones, 'I do,' and who at the close of the service took out a ten dollar bill and presented it to me in the presence of the entire congregation.

"I think of the couple whom I called by wrong names, saying, 'Do you, George?' 'Do you, Martha?' when I was really addressing John and Jane. In hurriedly glancing over the license I had read the names of the bride's father and mother instead of those of the bride and groom."

A Story of Edwin Forrest.

Edwin Forrest, the great actor, was at Columbus, O., on one of his tours. It was in the railroad station at midnight. It was cold, bleak, biting weather, and the old fellow hobbled up and down the platform, but there was majesty even in his very hobble. An undertaker's wagon pulled up at the station and a corpse was removed from it. The baggageman carelessly hustled the body into his dray and wheeled it down the platform. As he halted, old Forrest broke out into the most horrible cursing, and with his tongue lashed the baggageman for his careless handling of the human clay. Then he turned, approached the corpse and broke into the oration of Mark Antony over the body of Cæsar. No one was there but the frightened baggageman and a handful of actors. The great actor's voice rose and fell and the subtle tears and resolute thunder of the oration awoke the echoes of the station as a grand organ in a majestic cathedral. He read every line of the oration and said in an aside speech as a climax: "There, take that, you poor clay in the coffin. I'll be dead myself inside a year." And he was.

RUINS OF ST. PAUL'S.

Origin of Macaulay's Phrase in an Eighteenth Century Poem.

It has long been understood that the real inventor of Macaulay's famous New Zealander was Horace Walpole, who, in a letter to Mason, written in 1774, said: "At last some curious traveler from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra." But Mr. Bertram Dobell writes to the London Academy giving the idea an earlier date. He finds it embodied in this old title page:

Poems, by a young Nobleman, of Distinguished Abilities, lately deceased; particularly, The State of England; and the once flourishing City of London. In a Letter from an American Traveler, Dated from the Ruinous Portico of St. Paul's, in the year 2129, to a Friend settled in Boston, the Metropolis of the Western Empire. Also Sundry Further Pieces, principally Wrote whilst upon His Travels on the Continent. [Motto from Juvenal.] London, 1789.

Mr. Dobell explains that, though the book is dated 1780, the poem in it on London is dated March 21, 1774. He attributes it to the profligate second Lord Lyttelton. Here is one of his extracts from the composition:

And now thro' broken paths and rugged ways,
Uncultivated regions, we advanc'd
Towards fam'd Augusta's towers, on the Thames
(Whose clear broad stream glides smoothly thro' the vale)
Embank'd, and stretching o'er the level plain,
For many a mile her gilded spires were seen,
While Britain yet was free—alas! how chang'd,
How fallen from that envy'd height! what time
She rul'd the subject nations, and beheld
The Spaniard crouch beneath her spear, and all
The Gallic lilies crimson'd o'er with blood.
Extinguish'd are their glories, and her sun
That once enlighten'd Europe with his beams,
Sunk in the West is set, and never again
Shall o'er Britannia spread his orient rays!
Those were my thoughts whilst thro' a falling heap
Of shapeless ruins far and wide diffus'd,
Paul's great Cathedral, from her solid base,
High towring to the sky by heav'ns command
Amidst the universal waste preserv'd
Struck my astonish'd view.
On this fair object my fix'd eye was kept
In pleasing meditation, whilst my guide,
A poor emaciate Briton, led me on
Through streets, and squares, and falling palaces;
(Where here and there a habitat was seen)
To where, stood once amongst the peopled town
The Exchange of London!

WHOLE OR HALF TRUTHS.

Better be single in peace than married in war.

The rock of success isn't located in a field of roses.

The fellow who objects to discipline needs it the most.

You can inherit ability, but you've got to hustle for experience.

The optimist has an easy time of it. He smiles while others work.

It doesn't cost anything to say "good morning" even if it's raining.

Some folks ought to take their consciences out once in awhile for exercise.

Silence isn't always golden. The talker with something to say is worth a dozen keep stills.

The optimist who thinks that folks are civilized should yell "Fire!" to a crowded house and watch results.—From "Gumption," by N. C. Fowler, Jr.

A Shopgirl's Fines.

It was not a very cheerful memorandum and the shopgirl's look was not very cheerful either as, on pay night, she brought it home to her mother.

It was a memorandum of the fines that had taken a good slice out of her wages, and it ran:

Standing on chair	$0.10
Leaving less than one yard on ribbon roll	.10
Permitting patron to depart unserved	.25
Lateness	.05
Gum chewing	.10
Error in addition	.05
Writing indistinct duplicate	.10
Error in address	.10
Total	$0.55

"There are 100 rules posted up in our little shop," said the girl bitterly, "and an infraction of any one of them is finable."—New York Press.

Good Listeners.

In conversing with one's friends nothing is so chilling as an apparent lack of attention and sympathy. It might be added that nothing is more vulgar were not the listener's indifference common to the majority of our most cultured people. If when one is addressed she will remember to incline the body slightly forward an attitude of rapt attention will soon be unconsciously assumed and, whether really worthy of it or not, new recruits gained for the always popular, as rare, class known as "good listeners."

A Tough Problem.

The following letter received at this office has been referred to the Lunenster Literary society: "I married a widower and went to live in the home where he had lived with his first wife. I find a number of her clothes in a closet—to wit, one brown dress skirt, two petticoats, three pairs of stockings, one pair of slippers and a black silk waist. How shall I dispose of them in a way that will be satisfactory to her relatives and the neighbors?"—Atchison Globe.

Malicious.

Ethel—I suppose I shall have to wear this veil. It's the only one I have. It's so thick one can hardly see my face through it. Edith—Oh, wear it, by all means. Everybody says you never had on anything half so becoming.

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THEIR INVESTIGATION

By Grant Owen

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Olmstead stood on the uneven platform of the desolate little station watching the red lights on the rear end of the local grow fainter and fainter in the bleak twilight. At regular intervals up and down the platform smoky kerosene lanterns made dull splotches of yellow in the gloom, and here and there the target lamps of the switches showed feeble colorings of red and green.

The lights on the local disappeared around a curve, and Olmstead swung about to survey the barren little station, turning up his coat collar as he did so, for the night wind had a chill breath of frost in it.

Drawn up by the station was a sorry looking barge, near which stood a shabby man bawling lustily: "Carriage for the sanitarium! This way for the sanitarium!"

Olmstead made his way thither, shilling grimly. The four other passengers

"FORGIVE ME," SHE SAID, "BUT YOU KNOW WHY I AM HERE?"

who had alighted from the train had preceded him and were now climbing into the barge.

"Sanitarium, sir?" inquired the shabby man as Olmstead came up. "All right, sir. Git right in. Let's have your checks. I'll git your baggage."

The checks were handed over, and while the driver was getting the trunks Olmstead looked over the other occupants of the barge. There were one man and three women. The man and two of the women were typical consumptives—narrow chested and hollow cheeked. Now and then they coughed spasmodically. They were poorly dressed and evidently of the class who availed themselves of the state's charity fund to bring them here.

The other woman was of an entirely different type. She was well dressed and young. In the dim light from the station lamps Olmstead could see she was decidedly pretty. She did not cough, nor was she hollow cheeked like the rest. Olmstead made two mental decisions—that she was a pay patient and that her case was not as yet a very serious one. He felt a sudden thrill of pity that she should be here, so evidently was she at odds with the dreary surroundings.

The driver returned with the trunks and bags on a truck. With the station agent's assistance they were piled into the rear of the barge and the drive to the sanitarium was begun. It was over a rough, sandy road, lined with gloomy pines through which the wind howled dismally.

Olmstead unrolled his steamer rugs and offered them to the women, two of whom were shivering miserably. The younger woman greeted this act of courtesy with a pretty smile of acknowledgment that quickened his pulses.

"They might at least have some blankets in the barge," he said.

"It would seem so," was her quiet, noncommittal reply, and then there was silence until the sanitarium was reached.

Olmstead paid in advance, received a hurried examination from one of the physicians and was assigned a room on the second floor. At the supper table he met the young woman again. She smiled and nodded as he took his seat opposite her.

"It's not exactly a promising beginning," she said, indicating the table.

"I should say not," he replied. "I believe this fare would prove the undoing of a rugged person, to say nothing of its effects on an invalid."

"Shall you stay?" she asked.

"A week at least," said he. "And you?"

"I shall stay for a time, anyway," she returned.

After that meal they were friends. They strolled about the grounds together. They found quiet nooks where they could discuss freely the inefficiency of the doctors, the slovenliness of the nurses and the general lack of anything like system about the place.

"Why, it's just a dollar and cents scheme," she declared angrily one day. "All they are after is the money of these deluded people who come here."

"I suspected as much before I came," said he.

"Then why did you come?" she asked quickly.

"I wanted to try it, at least," said he. She looked at him curiously.

"I have my own suspicions about you," she laughed.

"And what are they, pray?" said he. But she only shook her head in smiling refusal to commit herself further.

Olmstead had books and magazines and fruits sent up. These he shared with her, and she accepted them with a grave frankness that pleased him mightily.

They read together, they walked together, they sang together evenings in the so called "music room." Day by day Olmstead grew more interested in her, and finally the interest changed into something deeper.

He stayed out his first week and his second. At the beginning of the third he realized that, consumptive though she might be, he had found the one woman in the world.

One evening just at twilight they strolled down to a little stream that crossed the grounds. The air was clear and frosty. Behind a fringe of pines the sky flared red and gold.

"Of course you know it by this time," said Olmstead quietly.

"What?" she asked.

"That I love you," said he.

She caught her breath. Her face grew very rosy. She turned to him slowly.

"Our condition"—she began.

"Let me tell you something," he said. "I am not a tuberculosis patient. Certain unsavory hints regarding the gross mismanagement of this place have been whispered abroad. I was sent here by the Daily Star to investigate."

She looked across the stream to the pines and the flaming sky behind them.

"That clears you, but how about me?" she asked very quietly.

"I love you," he repeated simply, "and to love nothing matters."

"Not even my being here?" she asked.

"Not even your being here," he asserted.

Suddenly she fell to laughing softly. Her eyes danced; she fairly shook with merriment. He watched her in puzzled silence. Presently she came close to him and laid both her hands on his shoulders.

"Forgive me," she said, "but it is such an absurd situation. Do you know why I am here?"

He shook his head.

"Well," she said, "those unsavory hints reached further than the Star. The editor of Elliot's Magazine sent me here on a mission very similar to yours."

The color had faded from the sky. The wind grew almost biting in its chill. A group of shivering patients in one of the pavilions saw a much engrossed couple walking toward the sanitarium.

"Which goes to show we have discovered at least one redeeming feature about this place," the man was saying. But the shivering patients were by no means convinced of it.

Who Were the Next of Kin?

A curious case was tried in England about a century ago to decide the question of next of kin. Job Taylor, quartermaster in the Royal artillery, was drowned, with his wife Lucy, in trying to save her after shipwreck. He had made a will leaving all that he possessed to her, but as she did not live to give the will effect a dispute arose among their next of kin as to the proper disposal of the estate, which was valued at £4,000.

It had been ruled, in conformity with a principle of the Roman civil law, that when two perished together in a common calamity and it was uncertain which was for a time the survivor the decision should favor whichever was the more robust. In this case the wife had distinctly the better constitution, but as against this it was urged that, as he plunged in to save her, she probably expired first. After lengthy arguments the judge held that, though strong in constitution, the wife would probably have been more timid than her soldier husband and granted administration to his next of kin.

"Character" Stories.

The giving of a "character" to domestic servants is one of the severest tests of the employers character. An Irish master, being called upon to write a testimonial for a groom whom he was discharging for drunkenness, gave him a good character, but omitted to mention one fault. The groom returned the letter, objecting that it did not say he was sober. The master added "sometimes sober," and the man was content.

The woman who had to recommend the inefficient cook she had kept for seven years only because she was afraid to give her notice went one better. She had covered three pages with undeserved commendations. She had placed it in an envelope and addressed it, and her conscience pricked her badly. Then she had a happy idea and broke open the seal, adding to her letter as a postscript, "God forgive me!" It satisfied her conscience, but history does not relate if it satisfied the other woman.

American Hotel Life.

At heart Americans still enjoy hotel life immensely, in spite of much reproof from foreigners who consider it in bad form. The American has not really required the country house habit, although he is trying to do so. It does not as yet satisfy his longing for a constant change of scene and entire independence. Hotel life, condemned as it is by the finely discriminating as impersonal, blunting and too public, still appeals to the average American as a very diverting interlude to domestic exclusiveness. They even prefer it in reality to entertaining or being entertained after the hospitable, but, somehow, irresponsible, European fashion.—London Telegraph.

"Watches" on Board Ship.

On board all ships a series of "watches" are established, so that work is shared equally among the sailors. To aid this object also the crews are divided into two divisions, starboard and port. A ship's day commences at noon, and there are seven watches. The watch which is on duty in the forenoon one day has the afternoon next day, and the men who have four hours' rest one night have eight hours the next. This is the reason for having "dog watches," which are made by dividing the hours between 4 p. m. and 8 p. m. into two.

The wise man is he who asks a great deal of advice and takes a very little of it.

CHRISTMAS TREES.

From Time Immemorial Part of the Holiday Creation.

From time immemorial a tree has been a part of the Christmas celebration. It may be seen outside the traditional mangers in the missals and early paintings of the preraphaelite Italian school. In the tree or near it are seen angels in flowing robes singing out of a scroll of illuminated paper the "Peace on Earth and Good Will Toward Men" or "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!"

The correct German Christmas tree always has an angel or a Christkind on the topmost branch, with a tinsel star at the end of a staff, like a pantomime fairy, and if the tree belongs to a very orthodox family there is usually at its foot a small toy group representing the Saviour's birth in the stable at Bethlehem.

The lights on the tree are said to be of Jewish origin. In the ninth month of the Jewish year, corresponding nearly to our December, and on the twenty-fifth day, the Jews celebrated the feast of dedication of their temple. It had been desecrated on that day by Antiochus. It was dedicated by Judas Maccabeus, and then, according to the Jewish legend, sufficient oil was found in the temple to last for the seven branched candlestick for seven days, and it would have taken seven days to prepare new oil. Accordingly the Jews were wont on the 25th of Kisleu in every house to light a candle, on the next day two, and so on till on the seventh and last day of the feast seven candles twinkled in every house.

It is not easy to fix the exact date of the Nativity, but it fell most probably on the last day of Kisleu, when every Jewish house in Bethlehem and Jerusalem was twinkling with lights. It is worthy of notice that the German name for Christmas is Weihnacht (the night of dedication), as though it were associated with this feast. The Greeks also call Christmas the feast of lights, and, indeed, this was also the name given to the dedication festival, Chanuka, by the Jews.—New York Mail and Express.

RUNNING THE GANTLET.

This Punishment Was Once Used For Military Discipline.

The following extracts give information concerning the punishment of "running the gantlet":

"*In running the gantlope* the regiment was formed six deep, and the ranks opened and faced inward. Each man being furnished with a switch, the offender, naked to the waist, was led through the ranks, preceded by a sergeant, *the joint of whose* reversed halberry was presented to his breast to prevent his running too fast. As he thus passed through the ranks every soldier gave him a stroke."—Grose's "Military Antiquities," volume 2, page 108.

But the oldest notice I have seen is given in "Monro—His Expedition With the Worthy Scots Regiment (called Mackeyes Regiment), Levied In August, 1626, Etc. London. Printed by William Jones In Red Crosse Streete, 1637."

"Other slight punishments we enjoyne for slight faults, put in execution by their comarades, as the loupe garthe (running the gantlet; Swedish gantulopp, to run through a hedge made by soldiers), when a souldier is stripped naked above the waste and is made to runne a furlong betwixt 200 souldiers ranged alike opposite to others, leaving a space in the midst for the souldier to runne throigh, where his comarades whip him with small rods ordained and cut for the purpose by the Gavilliger (provost marshall), and all to keepe good order and discipline."—London Notes and Queries.

WEDDING SPEECHES.

Some That Were Not In the Usual Conventional Style.

A wedding in New York at which the bridesmaids were representative of six nationalities and each felicitated the bride in the language of her own country was an odd affair, but probably not so well received as the speech of a young Englishman who was called upon to propose the toast, "The Brides-maids." Apprised of his ordeal in advance, he had devised an escape, and with the simple statement that silence was golden he brought from his pocket a set of gold bangles, which he bestowed upon the attendants of the bride.

At a wedding feast at Dol, in Normandy, the demand for a speech resulted in the production of a guitar, upon which the speaker accompanied himself while he chanted the praises of the bride. If he stopped there all would have been well, but he changed to a praise of his store, and the guests threw him out of the house.

Doubtless a similar fate should have befallen the sharpshooter who wrote the name of the bride upon the wall with pistol bullets, to the serious damage of the wall paper. Almost as odd was the performance of a German music hall performer, who, when called upon for entertainment, mounted the table upon his hands and balanced himself upon glasses, cups and other furnishings.

Funny Blunders.

A famous sculpture group recently exhibited in Glasgow represents Adam and Eve after they had left Eden. Eve, in despair, lies at Adam's feet. Through a mistake an intelligent attendant placarded it with this description: "Motherless." At the same exhibition was a sleeping nymph, by a well known sculptor, which by another mistake appeared in the catalogue as "Mrs. ——," greatly to the horror of Glasgow. A Sunday school boy recently gave this account of the prophet Elijah: "Elijah, the prophet, was carried into heaven by a whirlwind, and the children stood up and cried: 'Go up, thou baldhead! Go up, thou baldhead!' And before he went up he divided the Red Sea."

A Woman's Way.

Edith—What luck did you have in the last race? Maud—None at all. I backed all the horses with a pretty name, but I didn't find the winner.—Illustrated Bits.

HAIR AND BEARDS.

They Have Played Important Parts In the World's History.

In centuries gone by human hair played an important part in all judicial proceedings. Those that were permitted to wear beard and hair had rights that could not be claimed by the shorn and shaved. When men made oath they touched their beard and hair, and women placed the finger tips of the right hand on their tresses.

Servants were obliged to have their hair cut, and if a freedman went into slavery he had to divest himself of his private adornments. An adult adopted by foster parents was obliged to have his beard shaved, and the shaving of beard and hair was a punishment inflicted on criminals. The jurisprudence of our ancestors dealt with punishment "by skin and hair" for small offenses and "by neck and hand" for greater crimes.

There has always been more or less superstition about hair. Great strength was implied by it, and wizards and witches know of concoctions of hair by which they poisoned enemies. Cat's hair was especially named in the category of poisonous hairs, and even at the beginning of the seventeenth century Lamius Zacchias, a famous physician, writes of the virulent poison of the hair of cats.

Among civilized people such superstitious beliefs have gone out of existence, and only Malays give their enemies tiger hairs in broth to kill them.

THE HUMAN RIBS.

Man Has Twelve Pairs, and Woman Has Just the Same.

A man who had been sick said he was so thin he could count his ribs.

When I heard this statement I asked, "How many did you count?" He was unable to answer. Several friends were standing by, and the query was put to them. Not a man could tell the number of his ribs. One bright chap said in all seriousness that a woman has one more rib than a man, because man lost one in the fashioning of woman. And do you know, this belief is common? Suddenly spring the question on any acquaintance you may happen to meet in the day's journeying. Unless he be a medical man he will in all probability be unable to answer.

It is an undoubted fact that man has twelve pairs of ribs and woman the same number. The four short ribs, two on each side, are the "free" ribs, and in all probability Eve was made of one of these. A man could manage to struggle through life without his free ribs, and I have no doubt that ere long some corset manufacturer will require woman to have hers removed in order to lengthen her waist and to reduce its girth. To break a few of the asternal ribs (ten altogether) is nothing; to break some of the sternal (fourteen in number) ones is far more serious.—New York Press.

MASCULINE DIMPLES.

They Are Not Always Appreciated by Their Owners.

"Dimples are just as common among men as among women," says a New York beauty doctor, "only they don't show off to such good advantage. Beard and mustache combine to hide their charm. Anyhow, men are not proud of dimples. They consider them a sign of effeminacy. Now that smooth faces are the fashion, the man with a dimple in cheek or chin is hard put to it to hide that beauty mark. In his extremity he seeks relief from me.

"'What can I do with these confounded dimples?' he asks.

"'Take 'em out,' I advise.

"'Can you do it?' he asks.

"'Sure,' says I.

"'All right,' says he, 'go ahead.'

"Then I begin treatment. In the past year I have removed sets of dimples from men's faces that any woman of their acquaintance would have paid $100 for. All men with money to spend patronize the beauty doctor more shamelessly than they used to, but of all the miracles they wish performed there is none they insist upon so stoutly as the removal of dimples."—Exchange.

He Saw the Joke.

"One day," says an American, "I walked into a bookshop in the Strand and asked for Hare's 'Walks in London.' In America the book is sold in one thick volume. The clerk brought it in two. 'Oh,' I said as I looked at them, 'you part your "Hare" in the middle, do you?' 'I, sir?' he said, with a bewildered look. 'Oh, no, sir!' I saw he didn't see the joke, so I didn't explain, but bought the books and went away. A week later I went to the same shop. As soon as the clerk saw me he rushed from the back of the shop, laughing vociferously. 'Good!' he shouted. 'Capital! Part your "Hare" in the middle! That's capital, sir, capital!'"—London Tit-Bits.

Love's Grammar.

"I wish I dared to ask you something, Miss Helen," said Percy, with trembling voice and wabbling chin.

"Why don't you dare to ask it?" the maiden said demurely.

"Because I can see 'No' in your eyes."

"In both of them?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't you—don't you know two negatives are equivalent to an—How dare you, sir? Take your arm from around my waist instantly!"

But he didn't.

A Question.

"You'll let me come to your wedding, dear, of course?"

"Well, I can't promise. My people are so enraged at my choice that I hardly know whether I shall be allowed to go myself."

A Dyer.

He—Do you think blonds have more admirers than brunettes? She—I don't know. You might ask Miss Turner. She has had experience in both capacities—New Yorker.

If we are not willing to work and suffer for the sake of our love, we have not the artist soul within us.

The Fearless Battle.

The Fearless battle was fought between the Spartans on one side and the Arcadians and Argives on the other 367 B. C. Not a Spartan fell in the engagement, and so, Plutarch says, the Lacedaemonians called it the Fearless battle.

A Safe Opening.

"It does not follow that a safe opening is necessarily a secure sort of business," muttered the burglar as he began his drilling, "especially as one has to do so much blowing about it."—Baltimore American.

Welcome Trouble.

Miss Newitt—May's in trouble. She's had proposals from two men and can't choose between them. Miss Passay—Heavens! And does she call that trouble?

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